

AMERICAN SHRINES IN
ENGLAND

ALFRED T. STORY

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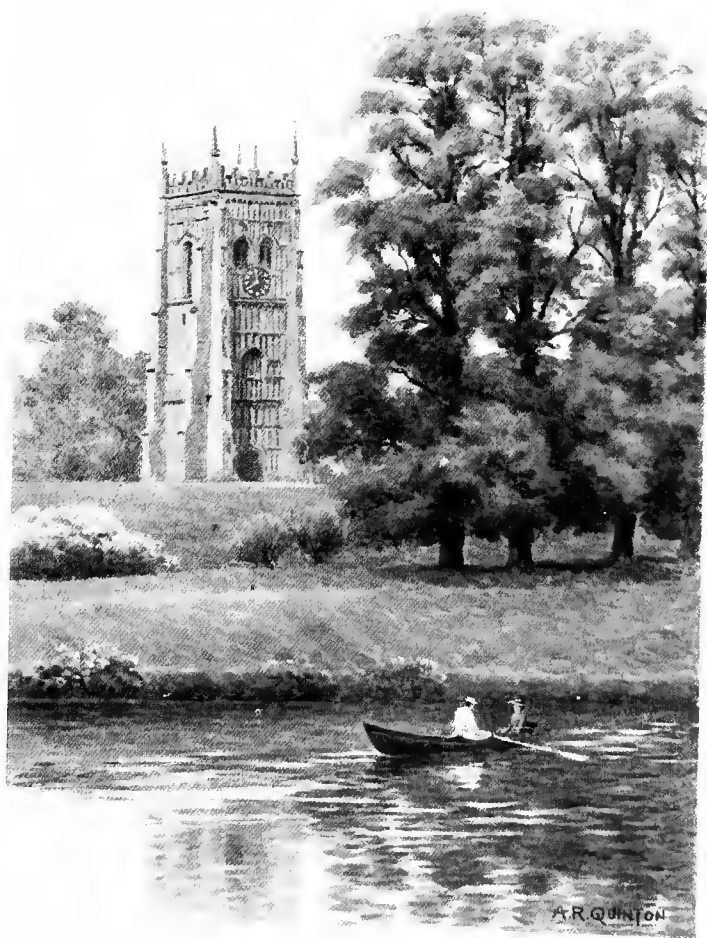


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AMERICAN SHRINES IN ENGLAND



THE BELL TOWER, LAVERSHAM

AMERICAN SHRINES IN ENGLAND

BY

ALFRED T. STORY

WITH FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR AND
EIGHTEEN IN MONOTONE

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PREFATORY NOTE

I N giving my little book to the public I wish to express my thanks to the Rt. Hon. Earl Spencer, K.G., for his permission to photograph, as an illustration to the volume, the portrait (by Mark Gerards) of Sir Robert Spencer, first Baron Spencer of Wormleighton ; interesting to the readers of " American Shrines in England " because he was the constant and ever-loyal friend and patron of Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave and Brington, and of his sons, one of whom was the direct ancestor of the first President of the United States. Also for allowing the Althorp Household Books to be gone through for the verification of entries therein,

and for other aids. Thanks are due likewise to Mr. A. L. Y. Morley, his lordship's agent, for various courtesies and helps ; as also to the Rectors of Brington and Ecton for similar kindnesses.

A. T. S.

“ OAKLANDS ”

ST. MARGARETS-ON-THAMES

December, 1907

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AMERICAN SHRINES IN ENGLAND

CHAPTER I

THE WASHINGTONS OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

EVERY American who is interested in the origins of his countrymen, and especially in the origin of the men who have made their mark in their country's annals, must desire, on visiting England, to see places that have become almost sacred from their association with names that are among the most honoured and revered in the records of their country. England is not the ancestral home of all the great men who have figured in the story of the United States, far from it; but it so happens that a great many of

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those who helped to shape the country's early destinies, and in an especial way stamped upon it their character, and we might say their ideal, were linked by home and kindred with Great Britain. Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and a host of others, who were associated with the founding of the Republic, together with Penn, and many more, who helped in its building—all were of British stock, and of the best blood of that stock, which, whatever else may be said of it, is possessed of a nation-making strain such as no other race we know of has shown.

It is curious to note, too, how many of these men, or their forebears, came from Mid-England, from the shires that pack the inland area from Bucks to York; while two of the strongest and most notable of America's worthies, Washington and

Franklin, had their root-stock in the very midmost county of them all, not far either from Naseby—or Navesby, as some authorities tell us was the original form of the name, the village, 'tis said, being so called because it is situated at the very centre, or navel, of England.

That may be, and probably is, merely a notion of some pedant or philologist of the old school ; but there is this much to be said about it, namely, that if it be far-fetched it is not far from the truth, and as Great Brington, one of the most notable of the Washington homes in England, is barely six miles south of Naseby, it may with truth be said that the first President of the United States sprang from the very heart of England ; as did likewise Benjamin Franklin, the birthplace of whose father, Ecton, is but eight or nine miles, as the crow flies, east

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of Brington, Northampton lying between, though nearer Ecton.

The town records tell of a Washington who was twice mayor of that borough, and there is direct and complete evidence connecting him with the Washingtons of Virginia and hence with the first President of the United States. This Washington was named Lawrence. He was the son of John Washington, of Warton, in Lancashire, a place situated near the Westmorland border. His grandfather also was a John Washington, though he belonged to Whitfield, in the same county. The family is thought to have come originally from the county of Durham,* and seems to have

* Although there is no direct evidence of this Durham origin there is much to be said in its favour. Washington Irving, in his "Life of George Washington," tells us of a Washington family that was established in the diocese of Durham as early as 1183. It was originally named

been of that good sound yeoman stock that has played so large a part in the making of England and of all that in the world to-day bears the stamp of English genius and character. An imaginative American genealogist* has gone beyond this Durham origin and derived the family from no less a hero than Odin, King of Scandinavia, but into this large pedigree we need not enter here.

Hertburn, but in the year named a William de Hertburn exchanged his village of Hertburn for the manor and village of Wessynton, in the same diocese. The family changed its name with its estate, and henceforth assumed that of De Wessynton. About the end of the 14th century the estate passed from the Washingtons by marriage, and, with the exception of a John de Wessynton, who became prior of the Benedictine convent attached to the cathedral of Durham in 1416 (died 1446), we hear no more of this branch of the De Wessyngtons, though the name is frequently met with in other parts of the kingdom.

* "A Pedigree and History of the Washington Family," by Albert Welles, 1879.

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The mother of Lawrence Washington, who became twice mayor of Northampton (1532 and 1545), was Margaret, the daughter of Robert Kitson (or Kytson, as we find it written in the old records), of Warton, and sister of Sir Thomas Kitson, of Hengrave, Suffolk. This relationship to the Kitsons had, as we shall see, a most powerful influence upon the fortunes of the Washington family. Lawrence Washington was trained to the law, studying at Gray's Inn, of which he became a Bencher ; but while yet young, probably on the advice, and likely enough with the aid, of his uncle Sir Thomas Kitson, who was one of the most successful merchants of his time, he turned his attention to commerce, and, settling in Northampton (whither it is supposed he went in the first instance with his father), was blessed with great prosperity and, as

we have seen, became twice mayor of the town.

Nor is it unlikely that his relationship to Sir John Spencer of Althorp (who had married his cousin Catherine, the daughter of Sir Thomas Kitson) had something to do with the choice of Northampton as his place of residence. Wool was in those days the chief product of Northamptonshire, as of the neighbouring county of Warwick, and the Spencers had grown rich in that industry. Northampton was naturally the centre of the trade for that part of the country, and its wool-combers were a thriving and energetic body. The industry may be said to have been still in its infancy, but so profitable was it found that year after year larger and larger numbers of merchant-adventurers were drawn into it, and larger and larger

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areas of land, in both Northamptonshire and Warwick, devoted thereto.* It was a stirring age. Of the long wars that had but recently been brought to a close men had got tired, and with peace and the breaking up of old shackles, they went into all the new lines of life that presented themselves with a verve and energy that had never been seen in England before, and into nothing with more striking results than this sheep-farming and wool-stapling business, which was, moreover, given such an enormous impulse by Henry VIII.'s policy of dissolving the monasteries; the

* This devoting the land to the breeding of sheep was a great grief to the poor in those days. An old writer (16th century), speaking of Warwickshire, says that the sheep were "most large in bone, flesh, and wool, in this county, especially about Wormleighton. In this county the complaint of John Rous continueth and increaseth, that sheep turn cannibals, eating up men, houses, and towns, their pastures make such depopulation."

effect of which can only be faintly realised at the present day by trying to imagine what would happen if some strong hand were to "henry" the vast lands tied up to-day by our old feudal laws and let loose upon them the busy hands and busier brains of the doers of effective things.

One of the leading patrons of this new industry was the first Lord Spencer, a man of whose connection with the Washington family it will be necessary to say more presently. Of him there is a local tradition to the effect that he aspired to be the owner of 20,000 sheep, but a mortality always attacked his flocks between the nineteenth and twentieth thousand. It is probably but a jest that says he once reached the very odd number of 19,999.

How much he threw himself into this

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sheep-rearing business, and how greatly he loved it, is evidenced by a remark made by Wilson, the historian of James I. "His fields and flocks," he says, "brought him more calm and happy contentment than the various and unstable dispensations of a court."

This Spencer was of a later day than the Washington of whom we are speaking, who had risen to the dignity of mayor of his adopted town in 1532, when, therefore, Henry VIII. was king, at which time the Spencers were a growing family—growing by their devotion to the sheep-breeding industry, if we may believe an anecdote told by the above-named historian in relation to the before-mentioned Lord Spencer. On the occasion of a dispute between him and Lord Arundel in the House of Lords, the latter

twitted him with the remark that "when these things you speak of were doing, your ancestors were keeping sheep"; whereto Lord Spencer replied, with an equal touch of venom: "When my ancestors, as you say, were keeping sheep, your ancestors were plotting treason."

Now it was when the Spencers were "keeping sheep" that Lawrence Washington was induced to go into the wool-stapling trade at Northampton, and it may have been largely through his connection with Sir John Spencer, who was practically, as a wool-grower, in the same trade, that he was enabled to grow rich by buying the gold-making fleeces from the sheep-farmers of the district and selling the wool to the manufacturers of Norfolk, Essex, and Yorkshire. He soon became a prominent citizen (with his

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house probably on the Market Square or near it), was made a member of the corporation while still a young man, and chosen mayor in 1632. Nothing of any note is known of Lawrence Washington's first mayoralty; but during the second year of office (in 1645), says a little brochure, published by *The Northampton Mercury*, on "Northampton Mayors," the corporation had to face an unemployed difficulty, with heavy rates, scant work, and high prices. "In their 'discrete discretion,' as the original entry runs in the book still preserved in the Town Hall, the mayor and corporation, to keep down the price of bread and other necessities, enacted:

" 'That no baker should send into the country more than one horse load of bread in any one day.

“ ‘ That no miller, nor person acting for a miller, should go near the market on market day.’

“ As it was already illegal to sell corn on market days anywhere except in the market, this was intended to bring the private householder into direct commerce with the producer.

“ ‘ That no person bringing corn into the town should be allowed to keep it from one market day to another.’

“ That was to ensure that corn, if there were any, could be purchased at the market value, and could not be kept for a rise.

“ The mayor who could issue and enforce such a decree was no ordinary man,” comments the writer of the brochure, and we thoroughly agree with him.

Reference has been made to Lawrence Washington's relationship to Sir John Spencer, of Wormleighton and Althorp, by

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his marriage with Catherine, the daughter of Sir Thomas Kitson. This tie was strengthened by the marriage, *en seconde noce*, of Lawrence Washington to Amee (or Amy) daughter of Robert Pargiter, of Gretworth,* Northamptonshire (his first wife having been Elizabeth, the widow of William Gough, of Northampton), whose near relative, William Pargiter, married Mistress Abigail Willoughby, sister of the

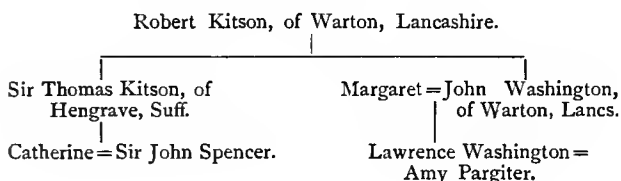
* In "Memorials of Old Northamptonshire," edited by Alice Dryden, there are, connected with some details respecting the Northamptonshire Militia "taken the xxx daye of September in the Ffyrst year (1559) off the rayne of o^r sov'ayne Lady Elizabeth," the following interesting items :

"Soulgrave : Mr. Washington is charged to fynd an archer on foot and the rest of y^t towne to furnyshe a byll man.

"Grytworth : M. P'gyter is charged to fynd an archer on foot and the rest of y^t towne to furnyshe a byll man.

"Aston-in-the-wall : Mr. Butler is charged with a lyght horseman."

deceased wife (*ob.* 1597) of Robert, 1st Lord Spencer, of Wormleighton (*ob.* 1627). This nobleman and his son William were, as we shall see, the close and devoted friends of the son and grandsons of Lawrence Washington. The triple relationship here set forth will be seen at a glance in the subjoined genealogical tree :



Sir Thomas Kitson (1485-1540) was one of the princely merchants of his day, and appears to have made his fortune out of the fleeces with which the Spencers were so largely concerned and into the trade in which his nephew Lawrence threw himself with so much energy and success. He was

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a member of the Mercers' Company, was twice its Warden, and its Master in 1535. Two years earlier he had been Sheriff of London, and was knighted on May 30th of the same year. In the Act of Parliament (1524) which was necessary to make secure his possession of the manors of Hengrave, Suffolk, and Colston Basset, Nottinghamshire, after the attainder of Buckingham, from whom he had purchased them in 1521, he is described as "citizen and mercer of London, otherwise called Kytson the merchant."

It may be well understood that in Sir Thomas Kitson, of the Mercers' Company, and Sir John Spencer, with his thousands of sheep, Lawrence Washington, woolstapler, had powerful friends; and we can hardly doubt that it was to some extent through their interest and influence that he

became wealthy so rapidly — so rapidly indeed that between his two periods of mayoralty (in short in 1539) he stretched forth his hand and became possessed of the lands of Sulgrave, thrown into the market by Henry's disruption of the monasteries.

Sulgrave, which is some fourteen miles south-west of Northampton and about six north-east of Banbury, was at the time of the Dissolution the property of the Priory of St. Andrew, at Northampton. Lawrence Washington therefore knew all about it, and with such a "friend at court" as Sir John Spencer he doubtless found little difficulty in obtaining a grant of the alienated lands of that religious house; the more especially as the rector of Brington was at that time no less a person than Dr. Richard Layton, Cromwell's principal commissioner for the dissolution of the monasteries. Thus at a stride, as we may

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say, he lifted himself from the simple rank of a tradesman or merchant to that of the squirearchy of the district, although in truth he was as well born, and probably as well connected by marriage, as any of his neighbours, possibly as wealthy also. He built himself a handsome house and so made himself one of the proud magnates of the county of "spires and squires."

Besides the estate at Sulgrave with which Robert de Pinkeney had endowed the Priory of St. Andrew at Northampton, Lawrence Washington became possessed at the same time of other properties at Woodford, Stotesbury, and Cotton, which had belonged to the priory, as also of certain lands in Sulgrave, the belongings of the dissolved priories of Canons Ashby and Catesby (places, like Sulgrave, brimming with history), the sum-total of his payment for the same being

£321 14s. 10d. As already said, this transaction took place in 1539, and some four years later (1543) the Northampton wool-merchant still further extended his worldly possessions by the purchase from Sir John Williams and Anthony Stringer of a great barn at Stotesbury, doubtless for the convenience of his wool-stapling operations.

Lawrence Washington had a numerous family, but as we are chiefly concerned with the eldest son, Robert, the ancestor of George Washington, we need but glance at the fact that his second son, Lawrence, became a man of some note and eminence. He was at Magdalen College, Oxford, from 1560 to 1567, graduating B.A. in the last-named year; joined Gray's Inn in 1582 and became a Bencher in 1599; was returned member of Parliament for Maidstone in 1604, and continued to represent that

borough until 1611, when he died at the age of 73. His son, Lawrence (or "Laurence" as it was usually spelled in his day), followed his lead in becoming a lawyer, and (in 1619) succeeding him as Registrar of the Chancery Court. The honour of knighthood was conferred on him in 1607. He died at Oxford in 1643, while the city was being held by the King's forces.

Robert Washington succeeded to the Sulgrave estate on the death of his father in 1585 (February 19th), being at the time in his fortieth year. He continued in undisturbed possession until 1610, when for some unexplained reason, supposed to have been pecuniary embarrassment, it was found necessary to part with it to another branch of the family. The whole of the circumstances that led to this alienation are involved in mystery. If pecuniary difficulties

arose they would appear to have developed suddenly, as up to the time named Robert Washington maintained his position in the county and gave his sons an education suitable to their station. Two, Christopher and William, went to Oriel College, Oxford, matriculating, both of them, in that most memorable of all memorable years when England was in the making—the ringing year of the Armada, Christopher graduating B.A. six years later (1594-5).

The eldest son was named Lawrence, after his grandfather, and with his consent it was decided to sell Sulgrave to Lawrence Makepeace, a descendant of Lawrence Washington, of Northampton, through one of his daughters, who married an Abel Makepeace. In this family the manor remained for barely fifty years, thus curiously illustrating the ill-luck supposed to fall upon

those who held alienated church property before the completion of the third generation. It was a strange declension of fortune, and was, we can hardly doubt, one of the proximate causes of the emigration, between forty and fifty years later, of that John Washington (grandson of the second Lawrence) who founded the Virginian branch of the family.

It was at the unfortunate crisis of the family fortunes which necessitated the sale of the Sulgrave property that the Spencers proved a valuable stay and support, Lawrence Washington then (following his brother Robert) going to live at Brington, close to Althorp, the famous Northamptonshire seat of that family, and finding in Robert, Lord Spencer, a true and constant friend.

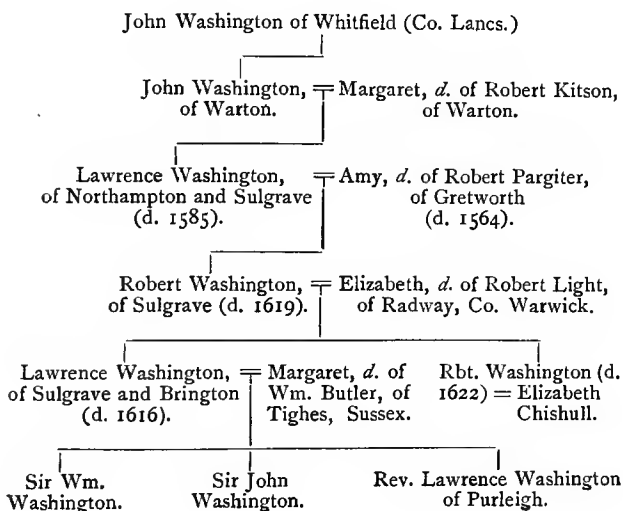
In the annexed genealogical tree will be



ROBERT, FIRST LORD SPENCER (CREATED BARON SPENCER OF WORMLEIGHTON, 1603)

From a portrait by Mark Gerards at Allthorp

seen the detailed pedigrees of the Washingtons from John Washington, of Whitfield, Lancashire, through John Washington, of Warton, to Lawrence Washington, of Sulgrave and Brington, who joined with his father, Robert Washington, in breaking the entail and disposing of the Sulgrave property :



Baker, in his "History of Northamptonshire," says that Lawrence Washington went to live at Brington upon the sale of the Sulgrave property in 1610. But, as a matter of fact, it is far from clear when he took up his residence in that parish and how long he remained there. What we know is that he must have been living there in 1606-7, in which year the parish register records the baptism and burial of a son, Gregory. But we know also that two years later (August 3rd, 1608) he had a son, George by name, baptized at Wormleighton.

The former circumstances led Mr. J. N. Simpkinson,* a one-time rector of Brington, to infer that Lawrence Washington went to live at Brington in 1606-7, and remained there until the completion of the transfer

* Author of "The Washingtons," 1860.



THE CHURCH, GREAT BRINGTON

of the paternal estate to Lawrence Makepeace in 1610, and that then he transferred himself and his belongings to London, his brother Robert succeeding him as tenant of the house he had occupied at Brington. A good deal of this, as will be seen, is mere supposition.

Robert Washington was a resident at Brington long before 1610, a will (that of one John Robyns, of Althorp, dated xi. Jan., 1601 (24 Eliz.), still in existence, having as witnesses Thomas Campion, *Robert Washington*, John West, Thomas Detherick, and Richard Warwick. Of course it is barely possible that Robert Washington was merely a visitor at Brington or Althorp when he thus put his name to John Robyns' will as a witness, though it is hardly probable. We know that he resided for some time at Wormleighton, just over the Warwick-

shire border, and that he was married there to Elizabeth Chishull (daughter of John Chishull, of Moor Hall, Essex); February 19th, 1595. Between that date and 1601 he apparently took up his residence for good at Brington, where he died in 1622.

The evidence that Lawrence Washington spent much time there is very slight—only the baptism and burial of a son there (1606), and his own burial ten years later. He had a large family—eight sons and nine daughters; and the almost utter silence of the parish register respecting them, excepting his daughter Amy, married to Mr. Philip Curtis in 1620, leads one to suppose that, though not living all those years at Brington, Lawrence Washington was not far away. Possibly, for the sake of the education of his sons, he may have

established himself in some Midland town, not far away, like Northampton, Bedford, or Warwick, where there was a good grammar school, and from time to time returned for a season to Brington, to be near his friend and patron, Lord Spencer.

CHAPTER II

THE CRADLE OF THE WASHINGTONS

BEFORE saying more about Brington it will be well to set down what we know about Sulgrave and its connection with the Washingtons. It has been called the cradle of the family, and although that is a misnomer, in so far that we know there were at least two or three generations of Washingtons at Whitfield and Warton, in Lancashire, yet it may be taken as a fitting designation, insomuch as from Sulgrave a new family arose having important and far-reaching destinies. Sulgrave is a typical old English village, and, situated as it is in the midst of a beautiful and delightfully rural country, is well worth a visit. It

may be reached with equal ease from Banbury (either driving or afoot, as the happy pilgrim elects), or from Helmdon and Moreton Pinkney stations. Nothing can exceed the charm of a walk from the latter place viâ Culworth, starting early, if the weather be warm, taking the lanes and by-ways quietly, with an eye for every change of scene and "scape" of sky; and returning, due attention having been given to the place, when evening is taking the lingering hour from afternoon and the cottage chimneys are sending up tenuous pillars of smoke in token of the day's work done and the evening meal preparing. At this season the country-side is very still, hardly a lark shaking the lazy air with a trill; it is somewhat sedate in its moods, its richest note of colour being the scarlet of the poppy in the corn-fields, or it may be,

if luck and the gods favour, a patch of that sweetest blue of all blue flowers, the meadow geranium (*G. pratense*), gently rocking its delicate petals amid the way-side grass. Very different is it if the pedestrian choose the spring-time for his pilgrimage. Then every hedgerow and copse will have its quire, and the descant will here and there touch the higher octave of passion and joy, these too echoing themselves in the silent music of the flowers.

Arrived at Sulgrave, the first object to attract the attention is the church, with its solid-looking tower, standing at the west end of the village. It is, in the main, in the style of architecture known as Decorated, and hence dates back to the fourteenth century. The chancel, with one well-preserved Perpendicular window, is later, as is likewise the south porch, which is dated 1564;

while the porch on the north side is of the same period as the earlier parts of the edifice, which consists, in addition to the chancel, of nave and north and south aisles, these being separated from the nave by a Decorated arcade of four bays. Its square, embattled tower, with square buttresses, set as it is amid ancestral elms, forms a conspicuous object in the landscape. Nor must we omit to mention a west door of plain but unusual design.

Taken as a whole, the church does not rank high in a county famous for structures of this kind, some of them among the most interesting in the country. Still Sulgrave church is not without its objects of special interest. Among these must be placed the hagioscope, or "squint," enabling persons who were in the south aisle to witness the elevation of the Host. Then, on the south

side of the chancel, beneath the window of Perpendicular design above referred to, is to be seen a small window provided with an oaken shutter, usually known as a "leper's window," its purpose being to enable a person suffering from leprosy to follow the service without entering the church. On each side of the chancel roof are carved heads, supposed to be those of Edward III. and his Queen (Philippa).

Worthy of note, too, are the old octagonal font and the Norman doorway with its quaint ball-flower moulding; also, on the south side of the altar, near the floor, the small square piscina. Equally interesting is the ancient oaken treasure-chest of the church, curiously banded athwart and across with strips of iron. These old-time receptacles for records, church plate, vestments, and the like, are not uncommon,

though there are not many examples similar to the one at Sulgrave ; which, moreover, enjoys the distinction of having at one time served as a hiding-place in which a local gang of burglars and highwaymen stored their ill-gotten gains, the parish clerk being an accomplice and covering them and their nefarious proceedings, as it were, by the screen of his semi-sacred character. The rogue was condemned to death for his part in the gang's doings in July, 1787, but got off with transportation for life. The marauders, known as the Culworth gang, were the terror of the country-side for many years.

Interesting as are all these various objects and details in the old church, they are less attractive to the American pilgrim than some others that have a direct and very personal relation to the Washingtons who

settled in the village, carrying with them, as all must, their inevitable sorrows, which here find record in the sacred edifice, some parts of it then comparatively recent, others added in the earlier years of the new squire, probably with his aid. A slab under the east window of the south aisle, still to be seen, formerly contained memorial brasses of the first Lawrence Washington and his family. They were six in number, but what remains of them is very imperfect and much mutilated.

The head of the family is represented wearing a close-fitting doublet, a long loose gown bordered with fur and having demicannon sleeves, and large broad-toed shoes—in short, the ordinary attire of well-to-do citizens in the days of the virgin Queen. The head of this brass is missing, as is the whole of that representing the wife.

Fortunately a drawing of the whole has been preserved, and from it we can see how the wife, and also the children, were represented. She appears in a plain costume, such as was worn by women of her rank in Tudor times. The four sons and seven daughters of these twain were represented in groups, as "weepers," as they were called, on two other brasses. The former appear in the long doublets and breeches of the period, with long hose and the usual broad-toed shoes; the girls in close-fitting caps, with gowns reaching to the ankles, secured by a band round the waist.

The memorial slab was mutilated in August, 1889, by two well-dressed individuals who desired admission to the church and who, when gone, were found to have carried away the brasses of the "weepers." Time has told, too, on the brass representing the

family coat of arms—argent, two bars gules, in chief three mullets of the second. The plate recording the interment is thus inscribed :

Here lyeth y^e bodys of Laurence Wasshingtō,
Gent,¹and Amee his wyf, by whome he had issue
iiij sons & vij daughts, w^o Laurence dyed y^e
day of an. 15 , & Amee deceased the
vj day of October an^o Dni. 1564.

This inscription was evidently written and placed *in situ* on, or soon after, the wife's death, the blanks being left to be filled in when the husband, Lawrence, should follow her to their last earthly home. But when, nineteen years later (1585), he came to take his place by her side, the spaces for the date of death were left unfilled—a curious omission. Can it be explained by the supposition that the trouble which was

ere long to drive the family from Sulgrave was already overshadowing it? Or was there some lack of business grip and management in Lawrence's eldest son, and that this may account for the omission referred to, as well as for the speedy declension of the family's fortunes? Vain are such surmises, however.

It is worthy of note that care has been taken to preserve this interesting memorial of the Washingtons from further hurt or decay, while a reproduction of the original inscription (dating from 1890) has been placed upon the wall above it by the present members of the family.

From the church let us turn to what remains of the old Manor-house, which stands at the east end of the village. Built of the stone of the district, it was in the style of the period, and of a size suitable

for persons of the rank and fortune of Lawrence Washington. What it was originally, and the appearance it now presents, are two very different things. Turned into a farmhouse after it passed out of the hands of the Makepeaces, it underwent in course of time many changes and transformations, and not a few disfigurements. What remains of the original structure faces south, away from the village street, from which it is approached, presenting to the view on that side the farmyard, out-buildings, and other appurtenances of the farmer's calling. Altogether it has greatly descended from its whilom high estate, and it would be hard to see in the house as it now exists the home of a man of Lawrence Washington's pretensions, did we not know how humble were the domestic arrangements and appointments required

in Tudor times in comparison with what they are to-day.

The house as it stands affords a good specimen of the domestic architecture of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. It is neither better nor worse than many other similar edifices of its class and kind, and shows that the builder, even when he decided to provide himself with a house, did not aspire too high. Some have opined that the original plan was on a larger and more elaborate scale, designed possibly with the idea that fortunate descendants might carry it out, if they thought fit, which however they never did. There are indications that the east wall of the hall was not an exterior wall, and it has been surmised that the building may have extended some distance to the east. What of the original structure remains shows that all the work connected

with it was good and substantial, and the adornments of a tasteful though by no means florid character. These it is not always easy to make out, so much have they suffered from indifference and neglect. But the general style of these enrichments may be gathered from the projecting bay containing what was the entrance door on the south. This is gabled, albeit with a lower pitch than the roof proper. The doorway has a low Tudor arch with square mouldings, having the bars and mullets of the Washington arms in the spandrels. Half-way between it and a square window above, with small square panes, is a shield in plaster, with the arms defaced. On the right of the window is a sundial, and above it, also in plaster, are displayed the royal arms as used by Queen Elizabeth and bearing her monogram.



SULGRAVE MANOR HOUSE.

The hall, which was entered from the south door, now forms two rooms (used as dining and sitting-room respectively). The old fire-place, under a four-centered arch, and the old mullioned windows still remain, as also some other interesting features. The old character of the place, however, has for the most part been completely changed. The window, it should be said, in accordance with the custom of the time, originally contained stained glass representing the family arms.* When the house was visited by Washington Irving, at the beginning of last century, this was still there ; but it has long since been removed, part of it (six shields) to Fawsley

* Since this was written I learn that some little time ago a metal plate, which had long been used for domestic purposes, was discovered to bear the Washington arms, and was handed to the present representatives of the family.

church, some eight miles north. Two other pieces are known to be at Weston Hall, a few miles to the north-east. Another characteristic of the place, which could not well be taken away, are its stout oak beams and flooring. A good deal of the old oak panelling likewise remains, still giving something of the old-time character to the house, and the wide oak staircase.

It is worthy of note that a closet in the house is associated with an interesting, if doubtful tradition, connecting Queen Elizabeth, as simple Princess, with the place. The story goes that here that royal lady found for a time an asylum, when her more religious than amiable sister was very anxious to find her, and that on one occasion, when an agent of Queen Mary paid a surprise visit to the Manor, the future sovereign of these realms

was fain to take refuge for the night in a closet, which is said to be still in existence. Such at least was the story narrated by the Vicar of Culworth, a man brim-full of the legendary lore of the district, to the writer on the occasion of his first visit to these parts, now more than a few years ago.*

* The legend has found expression in a ballad which was published some years ago. It is entitled "A Legend of Queen Bess," and is as follows :

"Sister Mary ! Sister Mary !
 Here I sit in this dark niche,
 While your henchman, Mr. Tresham,
 Moles the land with subtle speech.
 "Thus, 'tis said, in Sulgrave Manor,
 Once in papal Mary's reign,
 Hid and sighed Ann Bullen's daughter,
 When for her the queen was fain.
 "Here I sit in gloom and tremor,
 While he lurks and spies below,
 Seeking, for to do you pleasure,
 Me in death's grim shrine to cow.
 "But, dear sister, hark the whisper
 That comes gladly to my soul,

While speaking of legends, a very quaint one, with an old-world flavour about it, is

Bidding me be high of courage,
For I shall escape your goal.

"Yes, escape and reign, while sadly
You lie rotting in the grave—
Rotting, sister, rotting, rotting
In our father's England brave.

"Not to-day, nor yet to-morrow—
Sister, call you not to mind
How we once drew straws for fortune,
And the straws to me were kind?

"Twice and thrice we drew, you mocking,
And the lot fell aye to me.
Still you mock and scorn, dear sister,
But I bide my destiny.

"To my heart it whispers, whispers—
Now, e'en now in this dark hole!
Saying, 'Keep thy heart up stoutly
Thou shalt play a queenly rôle.

"'Thou shalt reign and men shall worship,
Thou shalt make thy country great;
England, England'—so it whispers—
'Neath thy sway shall go its gate—

"'Lift itself, up! up! to splendour
Till the nations look aghast!'
Now I sit in this dark chamber,
But I'll win to light at last!"

still told by the old folk in reference to a slight elevation near the village, known as Barrow Hill. On the top of it used to stand an ancient ash-tree, so withered and scarred that the villagers got the idea that it was the haunt of witches and a scene of their unholy rites and revelries. Wherefore it was decided that it should be cut down, and a posse of men proceeded, axe in hand, to effect their purpose. Barely, however, had they given two strokes to the weird old ash ere a cry was raised that the village was on fire. And sure enough, on casting their eyes upon the place, every one saw it enveloped in flames. All now rushed back to save their homes—to find, on reaching “town-end,” that they had been deluded, no sign of fire being then visible. Some returned to Barrow Hill to proceed with the demoli-

tion of the tree, but when they saw that the gashes their axes had made in the old trunk had been healed, they opened their mouths in amaze, and hastily left the spot. And henceforward, it is said, no man of Sulgrave ever ventured to raise a finger against the "unked" ash of Barrow Hill.

There are many other features of the place and neighbourhood that it would be interesting to dwell upon did space permit—the "immemorial elms,"* the silence as of waiting that hangs about the churchyard, the rustic *bonhomie* of the village-folk, the history with which the whole

* In which, be it noted, Washington Irving, with the eye of the nature-lover and poet, marked a colony of rooks, "those strange adherents of old family abodes," which still "hovered and cawed about their hereditary nests," no doubt in their ancient tongue making preachment anent the vicissitudes of things human.

district is crowded. EdgECott Park, where Charles I., with his sons Charles and James, lodged the night before the battle of Edgehill, but a stone's-throw, as it were, over the Warwickshire border, is within an hour or two's walk. Nor is Wormleighton much farther—Wormleighton, which is much more interesting to us just now ; for here stands the ancient and interesting Manor House of the Spencers, already referred to as the original home of Sir John Spencer, who took to wife Catherine, the daughter of Sir Thomas Kitson, and whose descendant, Sir Robert Spencer, the special and particular friend of the Washingtons, was created Baron Spencer of Wormleighton in 1603. Here too, as we have seen, resided for a season both Lawrence and Robert Washington, ere they went to Brington.

CHAPTER III

WORMLEIGHTON

THERE seems to be little doubt that the sons of Robert Washington, who entered into possession of the Sulgrave estate on the death of his father, one time mayor of Northampton, in 1584, early came under the protection and patronage of Sir Robert Spencer, afterwards (1603) created Baron Spencer of Wormleighton. Robert, Lord Spencer, was the fourth in descent from Sir John Spencer, Kt., who in Henry VII.'s reign purchased the manor of Sir William Cope, of Hanwell (a cousin by marriage), and built himself a handsome

mansion thereon. Of the foundation of this house Dugdale says :

“ 3 Sept. 22 Hen. VII. (1507) the said Will. Cope * sold his lordship to John Spencer, Esquier, who soon after began the structure of a faire mannour house, wherein, when that inquisition was taken (9 & 10 Hen. VIII. 1518-19) he had his residence, with lx persons of his family, being a good benefactor to the church in ornaments and other things.”

Wormleighton, as already stated, is just

* The manor was for many generations in the Montfort, or Mountford, family (of whom Sir Simon de Montfort, who summoned the first representative Parliament in 1265, was the most distinguished member). The Montforts got into trouble with Henry VII., and the head of the family was executed and his property seized by the king in 1495. Three years later Henry gave Wormleighton to William Cope, Esq., “coferer of the household to the king, to be held in socage, paying 20 marks per annum into the exchequer.”

over the Warwickshire border, about one and a half miles north-east of Fenny Compton station, and stands on comparatively high ground, being 431 feet above sea-level, the ridge, indeed, forming the watershed between the Avon and the Cherwell. The parish, through which runs the Oxford canal, is a small one, so far as population goes, the village numbering barely two hundred souls.* The church, which stands a small stretch north of the Manor-house, is dedicated to St. Peter, and was given by Geoffrey de Clinton to the canons of Kenil-

* The "old town" of Wormleighton was situated some little distance from the present village. There is reason to believe that it was destroyed and its people sent adrift by the William Cope who became possessed of the estate *tempo* Henry VII., and later sold it to John Spencer. As we have seen, the great idea then was sheep-farming, and so he cleared his estate of men to make room for sheep, as landowners to-day clear theirs to make room for game.

worth. It is built of Hornton stone, and consists of a nave with aisles, chancel, and west tower, chiefly of the transition Norman period. The nave and aisles are connected by three bays in the style of the period named. The clerestory is of later (Perpendicular) work. The north aisle shows good, though not uniform, windows of the fourteenth century. There is, too, one fourteenth-century window in the south aisle, the rest being modern. The chancel arch may be of the same period, although the rudely cut capitals seem to suggest an earlier date.

An old carved oak rood-screen (fifteenth century), with late restorations, divides the nave from the chancel. Report or tradition says it was removed from the Manor-house ; but it is more likely, from its style, to have been brought from some religious house closed by Henry VIII.'s decree. It is a

handsome piece of work, though somewhat too large for its present position, and shows workmanship of a specially high order. In the chancel are monuments to members of the Spencer family, among them being one (on the north wall of the chancel, adorned with shields) to "John Spencer, Esquire, son and heir of Sir Robert Spencer, Knight, Baron Spencer of Wormleighton, which John Spencer departed this life at Blois in France, the sixt of August . . . 1610" (in his twentieth year). Near the altar rails is a circular stone bearing an inscription to the effect that a portion of the remains of the said Sir Robert repose there. Beneath a canopy in the north wall of the aisle is an empty tomb. The arms of the Spencers are seen on the wall above the belfry arch.

The tower shows as early work as any part of the edifice, being of early thirteenth

century, if not actually of twelfth century date. The door is certainly of the latter century. Note also the grotesquely carved corbels supporting the low belfry story. Other features worthy of note are (in chancel) the carved grotesques of the bench-ends, all of good early work, and other designs and geometrical ornamentation ; the carved oak panelling round the sanctuary ; the tessellated pavement (thirteenth century) of the nave and aisles, bearing the arms of the Botelers of Oversley and Wemme ; and the font, a plain truncated cone on a quite recent pedestal. There is, too, a fine old carved chest, now standing at the east end of the north aisle.

The Manor-house was largely destroyed during the Civil Wars, and only a portion of the original edifice, now a farm-house, still exists. It is an embattled structure of

two stories, with mullioned windows, now mostly blocked up. The tower and gatehouse, of stone, however, remain intact. Here we have a central archway with a room over it. On the front are the royal arms, and at the back the Spencer arms and motto, "Dieu defende le droit."

The house, built in Henry VII.'s days, is of the usual flat red brick of the time, with stone dressings, and must, in its original state, have been a very handsome edifice, of good proportions and fine style. The leads and battlements above, with covered niches, are in keeping with the semi-defensive type of house of Tudor days. The north door, though now without a porch, appears by the proportions of the lobby and its panelled ceiling to have been the main entrance (although some are of opinion that the original door, now blocked up, was a little

THE TOWER, WORMFINGTON HOUSE



west of the existing entrance). A postern on the south leads to the hall, a fine plain room, 31 ft. long by 22 ft. wide (now used as a brewhouse), lighted on the north side by two large windows of four lights, each arched in the head and divided by transoms, and at the east end by a handsome bay-window of six lights, arched and divided like the others.

Above this apartment is a room of the same size as the one below, having gilt stars on the lintels and head of the former doorway, and in the panels over one of the windows, and hence called the "Star Chamber." * It was originally lighted like

* In an interesting book recently published ("Nooks and Corners of England"), there is a curious statement—together unfounded, as we think—to the effect that, though Mary Queen of Scots was subjected to a mock trial at Fotheringay, she was actually condemned "in the Star Chamber at Westminster," which "fine old

the one below, but the bay-window has been removed and the space walled up. In it is an interesting fireplace of coloured stone, in the spandrels whereof are two plain Spencer shields. The chamber is reached by means of a newel staircase in the south-west angle.

On the south (or outer) front of the tower and gatehouse, already mentioned, are the royal arms with crest, supporters, and motto; on the north side three shields; while on the east and west sides appear the arms of the Spencers (with seven quarterings) and the Willoughbys respectively, both with date 1613. On the east side is a square tower, 45 ft. in height, having an interior staircase enclosing a well room," we are told, "may yet be seen not very many miles away, at Wormleighton, near the Northamptonshire border of south-east Warwickshire." One would like to know on what authority this assertion is founded.

designed to accommodate the weights of a curious old clock contained in the upper storey which strikes the hour but is without a dial. From the roof of the tower a fine view may be had of the surrounding country, extending on a fine day as far west as the Malvern Hills.

The house was garrisoned by Royalist troops, under Prince Rupert, the night before the battle of Edgehill (October 23rd, 1642), and on January 7th, 1646, Dugdale records in his diary : " Wormleighton House, in Warwickshire, burnt by His Majesty's forces of Banbury to prevent the rebels making it a garrison"—which event accounts for the present greatly reduced size of the house.

The church registers contain the record of the marriage of Robert Washington, the second son of Robert Washington, of

Sulgrave, and Elizabeth Chishull. This event took place on February 19th, 1595. The church books record also the baptism of George Washington, a younger son of Lawrence Washington, gentleman, on August 3rd, 1608. It would appear, as already stated, that Robert Washington was the first to go to Wormleighton, and that his brother Lawrence took up his residence there after Robert had gone to Brington. This transference of domicile must have taken place as early as 1601-2, or even earlier, as the extant will of Sir John Spencer, made at "Oldthrappe" (Althorp), and proved on January 11th, 1599 (42 Eliz. would be $\frac{1599}{1600}$), bequeaths to "Elizabeth Washington, wife of Robert Washington, of Great Brington, in the Co. of Northampton," the sum of twenty pounds "in regard of her pains about me in my sickness." It would appear from

this that as early as 1599 Robert Washington was established at Brington, and that the relations between his family and that of the lord of the manor were so intimate that his wife practically took charge of the aged knight's sick-room in his last illness. Possibly the words of the will may not bear such interpretation, although they seem to do so; for, as we know there were no trained nurses in those days, at least not in the sense that we understand the term to-day, every woman, gentle as well as simple, had to be nurse on occasion according to her capacity.

We do not know what took the Washingtons to Wormleighton, but may readily surmise that it was the genial kinship and kindly patronage of the Spencers, ever a generous and noble-minded race—the same kindly patronage which continued through

the next two generations of Washingtons. We are equally ignorant as to where the sons of Robert Washington could have dwelt at Wormleighton. Except the manor there appears to have been no house in the parish traditionally said or likely to have been inhabited by them, most of the farmhouses at the present time being of comparatively recent date. There was a house at Watergall, two miles to the north-west (whereof only the foundations remain), which was suitable for gentlemen of their standing, but practically nothing is known of its history, not even if it was of the Spencer holding, or belonging to another family.

When the Washingtons first went to live at Wormleighton Sir John Spencer was the lord of the manor, as also of that of Althorp. He was succeeded by Sir Robert Spencer (Baron Spencer of Wormleighton), who,

according to repute, was of enormous wealth (having the most money of any man in England, said report). He was a man, too, of great interest and influence in many ways. His wife was Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Francis Willoughby, of Wollaton, Nottinghamshire, and her sister Abigail became the wife of William Pargiter, of Greatworth, or Gretworth, on the Oxford border, near Banbury, a cousin of the Washingtons. They were married at Brington on April 26th, 1601, and the registers of Wormleighton record the burial there of the said Abigail Pargiter on October 12th, 1654 (*æt.* 78).

Hence we can well understand this noble kinsman extending a kindly hand to the grandsons of the first Northamptonshire Washington in their trouble, and giving them a welcome to Brington, so intimately

associated with both Robert and Lawrence Washington.

It is worthy of mention in connection with these notes on Wormleighton that the Spencer house there figures in Prince Rupert's diary of the events that led up to the battle of Edgehill. Warburton (in his "Memoirs of Prince Rupert") gives the following account of what happened: "On the 22nd October Prince Rupert advanced to Lord Spencer's at Wormleighton; the Prince of Wales's regiment being quartered in some villages under Wormleighton Hills. At this time, such was the scarcity of information, or the want of skill in collecting it, that the two great armies were in total ignorance of each other's movements. Lord Digby was sent forward in the afternoon with four hundred horse to reconnoitre, but returned with information that all was quiet.

The prince's quartermaster, however, as he entered Wormleighton to arrange quarters for the troops, encountered the quartermaster of Essex, just arrived there on a similar business with a party of the enemy. The Cavaliers fell suddenly upon this party, took twelve prisoners, and returned in hot haste to Rupert. From them he learned that the main body of the enemy occupied the town of Kineton, only four miles distant." Later on, in his account of the battle, Warburton says, "Aston's dragoons, under Lisle and Ewins, skirmished also on the left; Washington on the right."

We do not know for certain who this particular Washington may have been, but suppose it was Colonel Henry Washington, son and heir of Sir William Washington, who in the following year (1643) was with Prince Rupert at the storming of Bristol,

and who, when the assailants were beaten off at every point, broke in with a handful of infantry at a weak part of the wall, made room for a horse to follow, and so opened the path to victory. He distinguished himself still more by his defence of Worcester (1646), when elevated to the command there on the capture of its governor by the enemy. But whether this Washington or another, he must have been well acquainted with the position and importance of Lord Spencer's house at Wormleighton—who of the Washington kin could be otherwise?—and the thought occurs, could it have been on his suggestion that a troop was sent to seize the place in order to protect it and its owner,* a known Royalist, from the enemy?

* Henry, third Baron Spencer, created Earl of Sunderland, June 8th, 1643, and died fighting for the king at the battle of Newbury the same year (September 20th).

There was another in the encounter at Edgehill—one indeed who lost his life there—who probably knew the famous house at Wormleighton as well as Washington ; he was, at any rate, a close and honoured friend of the Washingtons, and was, as we shall see later, not without his influence upon the fortunes of some members of the family. This was Sir Edmund Verney, of Middle Claydon, Bucks, who on that fatal day carried the king's standard into the fight, and lost it (though it was afterwards recovered), the hand that held it aloft being severed at the wrist by a sword-cut. Whence the legend of the neighbourhood that he used ever thereafter to "walk" on the day of the battle looking for his lost hand, as set forth in the ballad, "Sir Edmund Verney's Ghost" :

There's one that walks the battle-field
Secure, at dead of night,
On every anniversary
Of Edgehill's bloody fight.

His coat of mail is rusty,
His countenance full wan,
And all so baleful gleam his eyes,
He seems no mortal man.

He bears no helmet on his head,
His hair is stained with earth :
One saw him in the moony haze
And never more knew mirth.

His hair, with worm-casts all defiled,
Hangs o'er his eyes of glede ;
With which he searches o'er the ground,
As poor men search in need.

What seeks he thus with such dread calm
Beneath the winking stars ?
Seeks he amid the tussocky grass
Some boon to heal his scars ?

Scars has he : lo, the handless wrist—
That still is red with gore !
It bleeds, it drips, though in his heart
Shall never blood be more.

A Cavalier so gay was he
Who sang on that fatal day
For that the proud standard of the King
He bore into the fray.

"I'll carry it in," he said in pride,
"And bring't all safely out,
Or never I'll leave the foughten field
Till the trumps of Judgment shout."

He bore it in, but another than he
It was who bore it thence,
For off 'twas lopped with his stalwart fist
As he fell 'neath the pressure dense.

Then was he trampled in blood and mire
Until all calm in death;
Yet every time the battle-day comes
He walks as though with breath.

He walks and seeks for the severed hand
That held the King's standard high,
For he must carry it out again
Ere the trumps of Judgment cry.

He walks by night on that battle-day,
But ne'er what he seeks will find—
'Twas ta'en by a witch of Wormleighton
For the cure of a son that pined.

It is worthy of note, whilst speaking of

Wormleighton, that in the interesting old (Dec.) church of Fenny Compton, on the south side of the altar, is a brass bearing the inscription :

Here lyeth buried the bodie of Richard Willis, of Fenny Compton in the countye of Warwicke gent., sonne of Ambrose Willis deceased, which said Richard had by Hester his wife, five children, that is to say, George, William, Richard, Judithe and Marie, all now lyvinge, who deceased the tenth day of June 1597.

These Willises afterwards emigrated to America, and among their descendants was Nathaniel Parker Willis (1806-1867), whose name became a household word in his own country, and hardly less known in England, for his many graceful writings, chief of which, perhaps, must be reckoned his "Pencillings by the Way."

CHAPTER IV

THE WASHINGTONS OF BRINGTON

AS we have seen there were two Washingtons, grandsons of Lawrence Washington of Northampton and Sulgrave, whose names were associated with the parish of Brington, Lawrence and Robert. Baker, in his "History of Northamptonshire," says that Lawrence, after the sale of the Sulgrave estate (in 1610), "retired to Brington, where he died." Mr. Simpkinson, the one-time Rector of Brington, believed this to be a mistake, pointing to the baptism and burial of Gregory Washington, a son of Lawrence's, in 1606-7, as proof that the latter was residing at Brington as early as 1606. He

held, therefore, that Lawrence Washington's residence at Brington began or had begun in 1606, and that it was terminated by the sale of the Sulgrave estate; which (as he was induced to join in cutting off the entail) was attended with some immediate advantage to himself. He goes on to say that "on his departure he was succeeded by his brother Robert, who would thus have had twelve years of residence to justify the expression employed in his epitaph." But it is apparent from the will witnessed by Robert in 1601, and from the will of Sir John Spencer, proved in 1599, which gives a legacy to Elizabeth Washington, Robert's wife, for attending him in his last illness, that the second brother was a resident in the parish many years prior to 1610.

It would appear, therefore, that both Robert and Lawrence were at one and the

same time living in the parish of Brington, that is, from 1606 to 1610, if Mr. Simpkinson's conjecture is a right one in regard to Lawrence, and again in 1616 (if not earlier) when the last-named died and was buried there. This raises a very difficult question, one which Mr. Simpkinson found very hard of solution when he supposed that Robert only went to live in the parish after Lawrence had left (to reside in London, as he conjectured, for the convenience of educating his sons). It is the question as to where the two brothers could have found house-room at one and the same time, when Mr. Simpkinson found it so difficult to allocate a place for one? The one-time rector came to the conclusion that a small house, of a style above that of the generality of houses in the village of Little Brington, and, according to the date which it bears, built

in 1606, was the one inhabited by Lawrence Washington. But if such was the case, where did his brother Robert live during the twenty or more years that he was a resident in the parish?

The question appears impossible of solution at this distance of time. But one conjecture may be hazarded. It is this: Mr. Simpkinson, in his book, "The Washingtons," tells us of a gentleman's house formerly existing in Little Brington, only a portion of which remained in his day, and that used as a labourer's cottage. It was originally the manor-house of the village, and belonged to the Bernard family. "But," he says, "it would seem that it was already decayed and deserted at the time we speak of; for there is no trace in the parish register of the Bernards or other gentleman's family having lived there between

the years 1558 and 1606 ; nor did it belong to Lord Spencer in the seventeenth century, having been separated from the manor when the latter was sold to him, and having probably been bought by one of the yeomen in the parish as a residence for himself."

Such is Mr. Simpkinson's statement, but if a yeoman could have purchased the house as a residence for himself, might not Robert Washington (or his brother) have bought or rented it from the then owner for his residence? We can only ask the question. Only by the assumption that one or the other of them did so buy or rent the old manor-house can we get over the difficulty of finding a place of residence for the two in the parish of Brington during the years that they were both residents.

Having said so much we must dismiss the subject as being involved in a mystery

too dark to be penetrated, and give what details we have about the other house, known since the issue of Mr. Simpkinson's book as the "Washington House," and in which, there can be little doubt, either Lawrence or Robert did live.

Little Brington is about half a mile south of Great Brington, and the Washington House is situated in the village street, from which, as will be seen from our illustration, it is divided by no court or garden. It is a simple structure with a high-pitched gable and thatched roof, but having certain architectural features that indicate beyond question that it was originally built for a family above the ordinary run of the village folk. For instance, its four lower windows in the front are mullioned, and there is a square-headed door with moulded dripstone—features possessed by no other dwelling in the



WASHINGTON HOUSE, LITTLE BRINGTON

hamlet. Above the doorway appears a slab bearing an inscription fraught with a world of pathos :

THE LORD GEVETH
THE LORD TAKETH
AWAY BLESSED BE THE
NAME OF THE LORD
CONSTRVCTA

1606.

Speculation has been busy as to whether these lines had reference to the family misfortune in having to dispose of Sulgrave, or whether they referred to the death of the child Gregory, the son of Lawrence and his wife Margaret, daughter of William Butler of Tighes (or Tees as it is written in the inscription over his tomb), Sussex, who was buried at Great Brington, January 17th, 1606-7.

Internally the house has been much altered to adapt it to modern requirements; but the old-fashioned staircases, with sturdy oaken supports, remain as when first built. The rooms are low and quaint-looking, the upper ones lighted by small windows close to the eaves. One of the bedrooms shows the old timbers supporting the roof and ceiling. The big crossbeam appears to stop short about the centre of the room, and immediately beyond a modern partition screens off the room from the staircase and landing. The latter are quite plain, and, with the old beams, oaken floors, panelling and downstairs cupboards, are undoubtedly of early date. There is no indication of anything in the way of elaborate ornament having been attempted. A beam in one of the lower rooms has been moulded on its sides, but that is all. Of course, the whole has been greatly altered

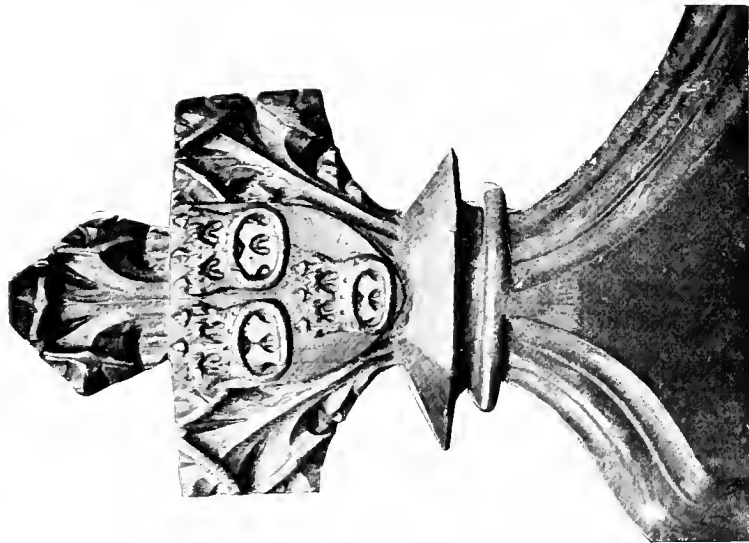
internally to adapt it as much as possible to the needs of the families of the two working men who now occupy the house.

At the back there is a good stretch of garden, and, viewed from this point, the place seems to retain something of its ancient quality and gentility. It was doubtless here that an old sundial, discovered some years ago in a neighbouring garden and bearing the arms of the family, formerly held its gnomon (now gone) to the sun and told its silent story of the hours. It is now some sixteen or eighteen years since Mr. Wykes, an old resident, noticed that the stone, which is said to have been in the garden for at least forty years, was a sundial; but it was reserved for Mr. A. L. Y. Morley, the agent of Lord Spencer, to find out its real importance.

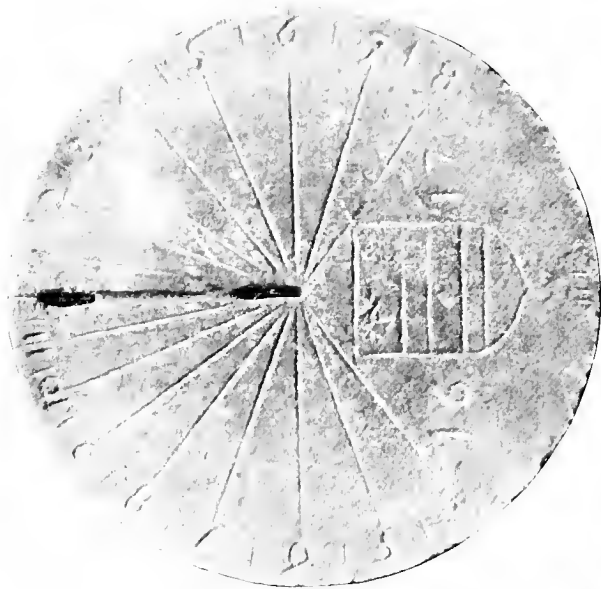
It is a round slab of sandstone, apparently

from the neighbouring Harleston quarry, and is $16\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter and 3 inches thick, chamfered on the lower edge. The lines, figures, and shield shown in our illustration are incised about $\frac{1}{16}$ th of an inch in depth. Two of the mullets, or stars, on the shield are hardly decipherable, having been greatly worn of late years. Formerly they were much more distinct. In the centre of the shield (the fesse point) there are indications of a crescent, which is the heraldic sign of cadency, indicating a second son, and can be seen on the memorial-stone to Robert Washington in the church.

Below the shield are faint indications of incised letters which were at first made out to be R. W.—and held of course to stand for Robert Washington—but, from a careful examination recently made (July 25th, 1907), there appear to be three letters, thus: $\overset{W}{R.L.}$



CARVED BENCH-END, BRINGTON CHURCH



OLD SUNDIAL WITH WASHINGTON ARMS, LITTLE BRINGTON

which leads one to question whether they could have been meant to stand for Robert and 'Lisbeth Washington. 'Lisbeth, of course, is the familiar—and at one time very common—abbreviation of the name Elizabeth.

As to the village of Little Brington itself, it is, like its larger neighbour, Great Brington, charmingly rural and picturesque, with its well-kept cottages, quaint well, covered by a conical thatched roof supported by wooden pillars, its spacious green, and its general air of quietude and repose. There is nothing of the sordidness and decay about it so manifest in many English villages to-day. The same may be said of Great Brington, and, indeed, of all the demesnes under the sway of the noble earl who is the present owner of the Spencer estates, who has ever set an example to thousands of his class by

the way he has provided for the good housing and general comfort of all his tenants.

Of Great Brington it may be said with truth that there are not many more picturesque villages in the English Midlands. The whole of the country hereabout, indeed the whole of Northamptonshire, is undulating, with pleasant prospects, shaded vales, far-stretching cornlands and meadow, interspersed with well-to-do farmsteads, great houses, and far and near the inevitable spire for which the county is famous. Brington lies to the west of Althorp Park, through which the best approach is made to it from Northampton. The road winds through a large expanse of even sward, grazed by numberless cattle and herds of deer, and studded, especially along the sides of the road, by lordly trees, in the hot weather making a grateful shade.

Althorp House lies to the right, presenting a long frontage to the view, backed by noble gardens and orchards, and containing within its walls memories and memorials of a long line of men and women whose deeds are a part—and often no mean part—of the history of their time. It is, however, no part of our theme to speak of Althorp save incidentally, and as it concerns the Brington Washingtons. Suffice it to say here that the original modest mansion built by Sir John Spencer (*ob.* 1522), the great sheep-farmer, has grown out of all recognition by the additions and alterations of successive owners. One of the greatest embellishers of the place was Robert Lord Spencer of Wormleighton, and, after him, the Countess of Sunderland, known to fame (through Waller's christening) as "Sacharissa," who, during her widowhood, transformed it in many ways both within and

without, and made it a place at which unfortunate Royalists and dispossessed clergy were ever welcome. It was a much later owner who laid the foundation of the splendid library, now located and having its special treasure-house at Manchester, for which city it was bought and presented thereto as a memorial of her husband by the late Mrs. Rylands.

An alternative route from Northampton to Great Brington (for those who prefer to drive or walk in place of going by train to Althorp Park Station) is by way of Duston, Nobottle, and Little Brington, the last stretch being along a country lane whose note in the early summer is its profusion of wild roses and in the autumn its equal plenty of blackberries, both so beloved of children. The position occupied by Great Brington may be described as a low plateau. The church (dedicated to St. Mary) occupies its highest point, whence

the view on a fair summer's day is one which any man may be forgiven for becoming dithyrambic over, as does Whyte-Melville in his "Holmby House." That well-known novel takes its name from Holdenby House, which came through Elizabeth Holdenby to the Hattons, and was sold by the famous Sir Christopher Hatton to James I. for his son Henry. Whence, on account of the death of that prince, and the fact of King Charles having been taken prisoner there by Cornet Joyce,* it got the name of being unlucky: which it certainly was, in that it was all but completely destroyed after its

* Having been sold to Parliament by the Scotch army (in 1645) Charles was removed to his own house of Holmby; whence he used frequently to ride over to Althorp to play bowls (there being no green for the game at Holmby), as he did, according to tradition, on the very day that he was forcibly carried off by the Army.

sale by order of Parliament in 1650. The house (or what remains of it) lies a little north-west of Brington, near the verge of the opposing range of hills.

“ The slope of ground which declines from it on all sides,” writes Whyte-Melville, “ offers a succession of the richest and most pastoral views which this rich and pastoral country can afford. Like the rolling prairie of the Far West, valley after valley of sunny meadows, dotted with oak and elm and other noble trees, undulates in ceaseless variety far as the eye can reach ; but, unlike the boundless prairie, deep dark copses and thick luxuriant hedgerows, bright and fragrant with wild flowers and astir with the glad songs of birds, diversify the foreground and blend the distance into a mass of woodland beauty that gladdens alike the fastidious eye of the artist and the stolid gaze of the clown. In

June it is a dream of Fairyland to wander along that crested eminence, and turn from the ruin of those tall gateways cutting their segments of blue out of the deep summer sky or from the flickering masses of the still tender leaves upon the lofty oaks, yellowing in the floods of golden light that stream through the network of tangled branches, every tree to the up-gazing eye a study of forest scenery in itself, and so to glance earthward on the fair expanse of homely beauty stretching from one's very feet. Down in the nearest valley, massed like a solid square of Titan warriors, and scattered like advanced champions from the gigantic array profusely up the opposite slope, the huge old oaks of Althorp quiver in the summer haze, backed by the thickly wooded hills that melt in softened outlines into the southern sky. The fresh light green of

the distant larches blooming on far Harlestone Heath, is relieved by the dark belt of firs that draws a thin black line against the horizon. A light cloud of smoke floats above the spot where lies fair Northampton, but the intervening trees and hedgerows are so clothed in foliage that scarce a building can be discerned, though the tall sharp spire of Kingsthorpe pierces upward into the sky. To the west a confusion of wooded knolls and distant copses are bathed in the vapoury haze of the declining sun, and you rest your dazzled eyes, swimming with so much beauty, and stoop to gather the wild flowers at your feet."

Such is the beautiful prospect seen, under fitting sun and season, from the edge of the declivity whereon Great Brington church stands. Hard by is the picturesque rectory, the residence of Earl Spencer's agent,

Mr. A. L. Y. Morley (the rector occupying another house in the parish), and opposite thereto, under the wide-spreading arms of a large elm, stands the village cross, fronting the churchyard gate. It is approached by three stone steps, octagonal in shape, like the shaft which they support. On the top of the shaft is a Decorated capital, above which rises a broken octagonal column. Hence for some distance stretches an avenue of elms, shading the road and forming a picturesque foreground to the village, whose old thatch-roofed cottages, mingled with a few of more modern design and outlook, present conditions the like of which are too seldom met with in rural hamlets.

The church itself is an object of great interest, holding a place, if not in the first rank of Northamptonshire churches, at least taking a good one in the second. Its square

embattled west tower is a landmark, especially on the west and north, for miles around, and, for its fine proportions and sturdy build, is greatly admired. It is of Early English character, as are likewise the arcade of the nave and aisles, together with the ancient font, which is of extremely curious and even remarkable workmanship. The greater part of the church is Decorated in character, but the clerestory, chancel, and chapel (north) are Perpendicular in style, to which period also belong many of the windows.

These and other details are so uniformly good that a tradition exists to the effect that the architect of Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster had a hand in the design. Whether there be any warrant for the idea or not, it is not at all unlikely. Sir John Spencer, Kt., who was the first of his name



WESTMINSTER ABBEY FROM WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

Thillayore

to own the estate, undoubtedly did much for the edifice, and the late Perpendicular of the features named would appear to synchronise with the later years of his life. Perhaps, however, the tradition referred to may have arisen from the fact that a bay of five sides, each with a large window, was added in 1846 by the fourth Earl Spencer as a memorial of his father, mother, and brother, the design of which was taken from the Westminster chapel.

A somewhat singular feature of the interior are the fluted octagonal piers of the nave arcade on the south. A still more noteworthy feature of the nave is the old oaken benches, with their grotesquely carved finials representing poppy-heads, accompanied by shields bearing simple heraldic charges.* They date from between 1446 and 1457,

* See illustration facing p. 78.

as may be determined from the shields themselves. The series, which are curiously reminiscent of similar work at Wormleighton, present a very quaint feature of the interior of the church. Noteworthy, too, is the canopy arch in the exterior south wall, beneath which (long hidden by shrubs growing out of the masonry) is the recumbent effigy of an unknown ecclesiastic, now protected by an iron railing, erected by the care of Earl Spencer in 1903.



THE SPENCER CHAPEL, GREAT IRINGTON (LOOKING N.W.)

CHAPTER V

THE SPENCER AND WASHINGTON MONUMENTS AT BRINGTON

A CHAPTER might be written on the Spencer memorials. They fill the family chapel on the north side of the chan- cel, as well as the arches dividing the two. The earliest (of date 1522) is that of Sir John Spencer, the first of the Althorp line,*

* The Spencers (who trace their descent from the Despencers of the Battle Abbey Roll) had, at the time of this Sir John Spencer, been possessed for some generations of considerable estates at Snitterfield and other places in the Midland counties; and to these, about the end of Henry VII.'s reign, they added, by purchase from the Catesbys and others, the manors of Nobottle, Brington, Althorp, etc., with the intention of establishing their principal seat there. The Sir John

and Isabel his wife (*née* Graunt, of Snitterfield, Warwickshire), who brought him considerable property, enabling him to purchase the lordship of Wormleighton. Their effigies repose upon a high altar-tomb, having on either side three compartments containing shields within enriched quatrefoils. Over the figures rises a fourteenth-century arched canopy with a quatrefoiled entablature, surmounted by a Tudor-flower cresting and flanked by panelled and embattled turrets. The recumbent knight is in plate-armour, bareheaded, having a tabard charged with the ancient (discarded) Spencer arms, and an outer robe of scarlet charged with green. His wife, who wears a reticulated

of the earliest memorial was the one who enclosed the park, probably built or enlarged Althorp House, and enlarged the parish church, adding to it a mortuary chapel for the use of the family. He was knighted by Henry VIII.

head-dress, is clad in a white kirtle over a scarlet gown, and has a rosary at her girdle and three massive chains about her neck. Across her bosom is a rich heraldic mantle. The date of the knight's death is given, but not that of his wife. The entire memorial shows the greatest taste and refinement, and is doubly interesting from the fact of its being the latest Gothic monument with effigies in Northamptonshire. The sculpture is of the highest quality, and the portraits, it is held, undoubted.

Near the above, beneath the east window, is the low altar-tomb, without effigies, of Sir William Spencer (son of Sir John), who died in 1532, and his wife Susan (Knightley), with nine shields of arms in quatrefoils within square panels.

Under the central arch of the arcade dividing the Spencer chapel from the

chancel is the tomb of the Sir John Spencer who took to wife Catherine, the daughter of Sir Thomas Kitson, of Hengrave Hall, Suffolk, and through her became a kinsman of the Washingtons. The monument, very elaborate in detail, is of classic design, with much display of heraldry, there being no fewer than thirty shields of arms, besides those on the two figures. The knight is represented in a complete suit of plate-armour, wearing over it a tabard charged with the Spencer arms. (ancient as well as modern). The wife is shown with her hair gathered beneath a hood, which covers the head, and behind reaches below the waist. There is a pyramidal pillar at each angle of the tomb, and one of the ancient Spencer crests, a moorhen, at one end. The whole is characteristically Elizabethan, florid, and yet extremely artistic.

This Sir John Spencer was a grandson of the last-named Sir John, and died in 1586. Like his father and grandfather before him, he owned immense flocks of sheep, but is said to have paid more attention to agriculture than wool-growing. He was twice member of Parliament for North Hants, and four times sheriff. It was this Sir John who was the life-long friend of Lawrence Washington, of Northampton and Sulgrave, his kinsman.

The third arch is devoted to Robert, first Baron Spencer of Wormleighton, and his wife, Margaret Willoughby of Wollaton, Nottinghamshire, to whom he was married in his seventeenth year. He was grandson of the last-named, and died in 1627 (October 25th). Lord Spencer is represented in a complete suit of armour of the period, and his wife (*ob.* 1597) in a large fluted hood,

wearing also an heraldic counterpane charged with the quarterings of eleven families. Over the effigies is a semicircular canopy, while at the angles are Corinthian columns supporting an entablature, from which, on either side, rise three obelisks. In this case also the portraits are reputed to be good likenesses. A circumstance worthy of note in connection with this monument is the fact that the iron buckles and leather straps forming part of the accoutrements of the Baron's effigy are still in working order. It was this scion of the noble house who occasioned the scene in the House of Lords previously referred to, which resulted in both himself and the Earl of Arundel being arrested, and in the end reparation being ordered to Lord Spencer, as having been first provoked.

In 1603 the Queen of James I. and

Prince Henry visited Althorp on their way from Holyrood to London, when a masque, specially composed by Ben Jonson, was performed in their honour. A few months later Sir Robert was created a Baron, and in the same year was sent on an embassy to Frederick, Duke of Würtemberg, to invest him with the Order of the Garter. In commemoration of his elevation to the peerage, and perhaps the royal visit, the baron had a hawking-tower (bearing the royal and his own arms) put up the park at Althorp, which was used in connection with the very popular sport of falconry. Since that pastime fell into desuetude it has been turned to account as a residence for keepers. Many years ago a series of water-colour drawings, showing hawking and other scenes, were discovered on the walls, but on exposure they quickly perished.

Sir Robert died at Wormleighton October 25th, 1627, leaving a will in which he expressed a desire to be buried in the same tomb as the wife whom he had so tenderly loved and who had died thirty years before, under circumstances similar, it is said, to the present noble earl's sad bereavement. His long widowhood was the occasion, it is said, of Ben Jonson's well-known quatrain :

Who since Thamyra did die
Hath not brook'd a lady's eye,
Nor allow'd about his place
Any of the female race.

On the north side, opposite that of the first baron, is the beautiful monument to William Lord Spencer (*ob.* 1636) and Penelope Wriothsley, his wife (*ob.* 1667), eldest daughter of the third Earl of Southampton. It consists of a basement table of black and white marble, upon which

rests the low altar-tomb of black marble. On these lie the effigies in pure white. Lord Spencer is shown habited in his state robes and wearing the Order of the Bath; Lady Penelope in a flowing gown and enriched mantle. Above them rises a lofty canopy upheld by eight Corinthian pillars of black marble with white capitals. The monument, one of the most chaste of the series, is the work of Nicholas Stone. It was erected by the bereaved widow at a cost of £600.

This William Lord Spencer (b. 1591, d. 1636) was a very different person from his father Robert. He took little interest in politics, and appears to have kept himself sedulously aloof from parties, although, in accordance with the family tradition, he remained true to the Royalist cause, and had the honour of a visit from Charles I.

and his queen at Althorp in 1624 (when it is said he spent about £1,300 on one banquet, exclusive of game, poultry, meat, fruit, flowers, and vegetables provided by the estate). His greatest pleasures were connected with rural and country sports. He was a great patron of horse-racing, and in conjunction with the corporation of Northampton established the races in that town. Like his father, he was a staunch friend of the Washingtons. Sir John (and with him his son Mordaunt) still figures in the household books as a visitor, and it is during Lord William's reign that "Mistress Lucy Washington's" name appears at the head of the list of servants. She is the lady housekeeper, a position often taken in those days by persons of good family and connections.

On the other side of a five-sided bay is

the monument of Sir John Spencer (*ob.* 1599) and Mary Catelin,* his wife, daughter and heiress of Sir Robert Catelin, Lord Chief Justice of England. It is a stately structure of Elizabethan character, and consists of a low altar-tomb, enriched with shields and bearing effigies like the rest, over which is a lofty canopy, supported by square pillars and having at the outer angles a Corinthian column bearing a frieze and entablature. The Sir John of this monument is the one who died in 1599, and who, we learn from his will, was nursed

* It is interesting to note in connection with this marriage, and as indicating a peculiarity in the domestic relations of high families in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that in the Althorp household accounts of 1635, under the heading "Servants wages payed the 25th of March," appear the following entries :

To Wingfield Catelyn . . .	03 . 00 . 00
„ Ralph Catelyn . . .	03 . 00 . 00
„ Mrs. Lucy Washington . .	03 . 00 . 00

in his last illness by Elizabeth, the wife of Robert Washington, of Little Brington.

It is worthy of note that when the coffin of this Sir John Spencer was opened in 1846 it was found that his features and the disposition of his hair and beard had not been accurately represented in the effigy. In the year named it was necessary to remove this and the other tombs on the west side of the chapel in order to enlarge it by a bay of five sides, and upon this being done it was discovered that these tombs displayed no fewer than three hundred and seventy-five quarterings, on which account, as well as from the various costumes and figures presented by them, they rank very high among the monuments of the period.

These comprise all the memorials of Spencers who were noted for their friend-

ship for and patronage of the Washington family. Henry, the third baron (created Earl of Sunderland by Charles I. in 1643), who died fighting for the royal cause at Newbury in the same year, has no monument at Brington, although his heart found sepulture there. When the vault was recently opened the leaden box, of circular form (about 24 in. by 18 in.), containing the heart-shaped leaden casket in which the heart was sealed up was still to be seen there, but there was no inscription upon it.

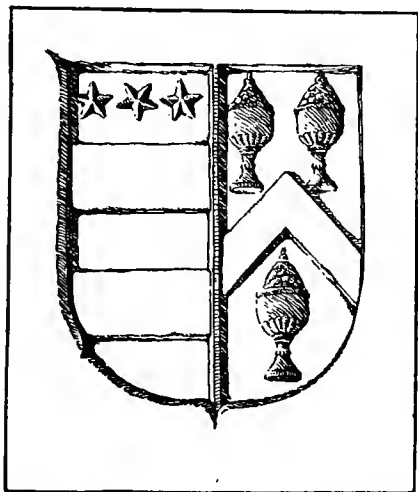
It was of course in the time of the second earl and his countess (*née* Ann Digby) that the incident occurred (previously referred to) on the day of the king's forcible abduction by the army. He had ridden over to Althorp, as was his wont, to play bowls, and was thus engaged when the

sudden appearance of Cornet Joyce among the spectators of the game induced the commissioners to hurry back their royal charge to Holdenby.

There are many other Spencer monuments and memorials, some of them of course modern, not a few of them showing splendid work, as, for instance, that of Margaret Georgiana (Poyntz), wife of John, first Earl Spencer, with sculptured figures of Faith and Charity, by Flaxman. They are, however, of less interest to us here than the Washington mementoes. These are of exceptional interest, being more numerous than are to be found in any other place associated with the Washington family.

Sulgrave, as we have seen, contains the tomb of Lawrence Washington, twice mayor of Northampton, and his wife, but there is

no trace there of any memorial of his son Robert, who, after the sale of the estate, very curiously drops out of the picture.



THE WASHINGTON ARMS, IMPALED WITH THOSE OF
THE BUTLERS.

Mr. Simpkinson supposes that he went to live at Brington with his son, but there is no evidence to support the assumption. His eldest son, Lawrence, and Robert, the

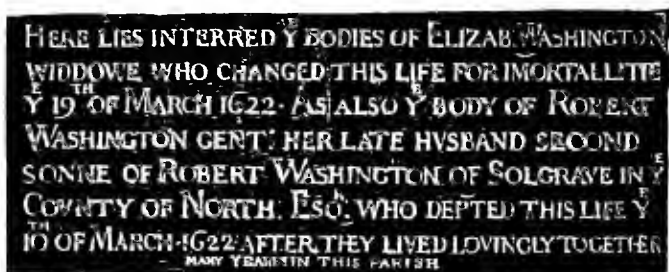
second son, however, together with their wives, find suitable memorials at Brington. The tomb of the first-named is in the chancel, on a stone in the floor of which may still be seen (with the permission of the rector) the Washington arms, impaled with those of the wife, and the epitaph :

Here lieth the bodi of Laurence Washington, sonne and heire of Robert Washington of Soulgrave in the countie of Northampton, Esquire, who married Margaret, the eldest daughter of William Butler of Tees in the countie of Sussex, Esquire, who had issue by her 8 sonns and 9 daughters, which Laurence decessed the 13 of December A. Dni. 1616.

Thou that by chance or choyce of this hast sight,
 Know life to death resigns as day to night ;
 But as the sunns returne revives the day,
 So Christ shall us, though turned to dust and clay.

This inscription is very distinct, as are also the deeply sculptured arms above it.

The tomb of Robert Washington and his wife (who both died in the same year, 1622) is in the nave, and above it a brass recording :



Accompanying this inscription appear the Washington arms (as given on next page), with the sign of cadency indicative of a younger brother. It need hardly be said that from this Washington coat of arms some hold that the "Stars and Stripes" flag of America was derived. Others, on the contrary, consider the derivation erroneous.

Robert Washington is supposed to have

108 AMERICAN SHRINES IN ENGLAND

carried on the business of a farmer and miller, as it is known by an entry in the Althorp household books that he rented a windmill (no longer in existence) belonging to Lord Spencer, situated about a mile



ARMS OF ROBERT WASHINGTON, WITH CRESCENT
IN SIGN OF CADENCY.

from the village. The entry is as follows :
“ 1610. Oct. 6. After this week Robert Washington did take the windmill of me ”
(the memorandum being in Lord Spencer’s handwriting).

No trace of this mill remains, but those

best able to judge fix its probable site as being a plot of high ground marked in the estate books as "mill furlong," a short distance from Little Brington.

It is curious to note that, with the exception of the two references to his son Gregory, the Brington parish register contains no reference to Lawrence Washington's family between that date and his own death in 1616. It was this circumstance which led Mr. Simpkinson to suppose that he went to live in London with a view to the better education of his children. Of his numerous family (eight sons and nine daughters, according to his epitaph) most of his daughters can be traced, but only three of the sons (if we bar the infant Gregory and the Thomas who died in Spain). These, as our pedigree table shows, were Sir William Washington of Packington,

Sir John Washington, of Thrapston, Northamptonshire, and the Rev. Lawrence Washington, Rector of Purleigh, Essex. The third son, Richard, is mentioned in the Althorp household books, but as no further trace of him is discoverable it is assumed that he died young.

Sir William and Sir John (whom Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King-at-Arms, and others after him, assumed to be the emigrant to Virginia, and the great-grandfather of the first President) find frequent mention in these household books. As already seen a sister Lucy is likewise mentioned therein, she having acted as housekeeper at Althorp, and her name being down in the accounts for the salary she received.

Another sister, Amy, was living at Brington in 1620 (possibly with her uncle, Robert Washington and his wife), in which year

she was married to Philip Curtis, a gentleman respecting whom we have little information beyond the fact that he was undoubtedly of a good family and a frequent guest at Althorp.

Amy Washington's brother John had already married into the same family, but was soon left a widower with three children, as we learn from a mural monument in the tower of Islip church, bearing the inscription :

Here lieth the body of Dame
Mary : wife unto Sir John Wash-
ington Knight, daughter of Phil-
lipe Curtis Gent: who had is-
sue by Hur sayd Husbande
3 sonns Mordaunt John and
Phillipe deceased the 1 of
Janu : 1624.

Another epitaph in the same church is as follows :

Here lieth the bodie of Katherine
 the wife of Phillipe Curtis Gent :
 who had issue one sonne Phillipe
 and fower daughters,
 departed in the fayth of Christ
 Aprill 24. Anno Domini 1626.

Islip is a village very pleasantly situated on a hill about half a mile from Thrapston, the one-time residence of Sir John Washington. The two places are connected by a bridge across the Nene. Islip church, dedicated to St. Nicholas, is a small but beautiful edifice of stone in the Perpendicular style, consisting of chancel, clerestoried nave, aisles, south porch, and an embattled tower with crotched spire and pinnacles.

As already stated, it was long thought that Sir John Washington was the emigrant to Virginia, and the great-grandfather of the first President ; and it was only after Colonel

Chester had shown the impossibility of this conjecture, and Mr. H. F. Waters had made his important researches, that attention became fixed upon John, the eldest son of Lawrence Washington, the Rector of Purleigh, as the probable great-grandfather of the first President. It is to this Rev. Lawrence Washington, therefore, that we must now devote a little space and set forth what Mr. Waters and others have discovered respecting him, his interesting family and its fortunes.

CHAPTER VI

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, THE RECTOR OF PURLEIGH

LAWRENCE WASHINGTON, the brother of Sir William Washington of Packington and Sir John Washington of Thrapstone, must, it is held, have been born about 1602, as he matriculated at Brasenose College, Oxford, November 2nd, 1611, in his nineteenth year. Two years later he obtained his B.A. degree, becoming M.A. in 1626. He was Fellow of his college from 1624 to 1633, Lector in 1626, and Proctor in 1631. He was at Oxford therefore some twenty-two years, and finally quitted the

University to take over the rectorship of Purleigh, in Essex.

Purleigh is situated in the south-east division of the county, three miles south-south-west of Maldon, and, being on elevated ground, enjoys an extensive and varied prospect of wood and mead. To the north and north-east the view includes Blackwater Bay, seen over the distant marshes, while in the mid-distance lies the town of Maldon. The church, dedicated to All Saints, is a handsome structure, with nave, aisles, chancel, and an ancient embattled tower of flint and stone, having over the west door carved heads of a man and a woman, said to represent the founders. The interior is neat though not striking, containing no monuments of any special note.

It is assumed that Lawrence Washington married on accepting the rectorship of

Purleigh. His wife was Amphillis, the daughter, it is supposed, of one John Roades, who was farm-bailiff to Sir Edmund Verney, of Middle Claydon, Bucks. It is known that Sir Edmund was intimate with one member of the Washington family from the following circumstance. There was a Thomas Washington in the retinue of Prince Charles when he and the Duke of Buckingham went on their romantic expedition to Madrid to see the Infanta of Spain, and among other gentlemen in the Prince's service was Sir Edmund Verney. In one of Howell's "Familiar Letters" (Section 3, Letter xx.) written from Madrid in the year 1623 (in which this clandestine visit took place), the following incident is related in connection therewith :

"Mr. Washington, the Prince his page, is lately dead of a calenture : and I was at his

burial, under a fig-tree behind my lord of Bristoll's house. A little before his death, one Ballard, an English priest, went to tamper with him ; and Sir Edmund Varney, meeting him coming downstairs out of Washington's chamber, they fell from words to blows : but they were parted. The business was like to gather very ill blood, and arise to a great height, had not Count Gondomar quasht it ; which I believe he could not have done, unlesse the times had bin favourable ; for such is the reverence they bear to the church here, and so holy a count they have of all ecclesiastics, that the greatest Don in Spain will tremble to offer the meanest of them any outrage or affront."

The incident, which roused much indignation in England at the time, is referred to by Tom Telltruth in his famous libel (see Somers's "Tracts," vol. ii.), and is men-

tioned also by David Lloyd in his sketch of Sir Edmund Verney.

It is held to be proved, almost beyond question, that this Thomas Washington was one of the sons of Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave and Brington, and accordingly a younger brother of Sir William Washington, who had married a half-sister of the Duke of Buckingham, and who, living at Leckhampstead, was a near neighbour of Sir Edmund Verney, who had likewise another neighbour of the same family in Sir Lawrence Washington, the Register of Chancery, whose residence was at Westbury.

These particulars are given to show that it was possible that Lawrence Washington of Brington and Brasenose may have been a frequent visitor at Middle Claydon, where, it is supposed, he found his wife, and by marrying her, possibly caused some dis-

satisfaction in the family—"married beneath him," as they would say. Such, at least, is thought to have been the case by some of those who have investigated the circumstances of his life, although in truth there is but little ground for the inference. A grievous misfortune fell upon him in his later years, and that seems to have cast a shadow upon his whole life. He was appointed Rector of Purleigh in March 1632, and held the living until 1643, when he was ejected by order of Parliament as a malignant Royalist.

This information is given in "The First Century of Scandalous, Malignant Priests made and admitted into Benefices by the Prelates," etc., published by order of Parliament in 1643. Herein Lawrence Washington is referred to as "a common frequenter of ale-houses," as one "dayly tippling

there" and "also encouraging others in that beastly vice"; but there is a further addition of statements he is alleged to have made about Parliament and its army that seems to indicate that his real fault was his fidelity to the royal cause, a fidelity which he appears to have shared with the entire Washington family.

It is impossible to say, after so long a lapse of time, how much truth there was in the charge, if any. Clergymen in those troublous days found it a hard task indeed to satisfy all men. What with Protestants on the one hand and rigid Puritans on the other, they had to walk very warily, and not always even then could they be sure of escaping trouble. In short, so high did religious as well as political feeling run, that over-zealous partisans were ever ready to pick holes where none existed and to

magnify tiny molehills of faultiness into grievous mountains of error; the result being that in many instances worthy men were deprived of their livings for no other reason than that their sympathies went with Cavalier instead of Roundhead, or perhaps *vice versâ*. That there were careless and evil livers among the clergy appears to be undoubted. Both Fuller and Baxter, as well as others, make statements to that effect which cannot well be impugned. The former, however, tells us that those who brought charges of evil living against the clergy were, in many cases, factious people; and Clarendon speaks to much the same purport.

As regards the Rev. Lawrence Washington, John Walker, in his "Sufferings of the Clergy" (London, 1714), refers to him as being "a very worthy, pious man,"

“moderate and sober” in his life and habits; but, according to those who knew him well, “he was a loyal person.” Whatever may have been his real fault, however, the charges brought against him were held to be proved, and he was ejected after ten years of service among his parishioners. His dismissal took place in the early part of 1643, and he appears to have suffered a good deal in consequence of his deprivation. Later he was given some slight solatium, in the shape of a small living “in the same district.” Walker, who makes the statement, says the income was so poor that it was difficult to find incumbents to accept the post, but he does not give the name of the place. It has been surmised, and not without some probability, that it may have been in the neighbourhood of Tring, Herts, with which

place he was subsequently much identified. After his death tardy compensation was given to his widow, and it may be that this partial reparation made by the Committee on Plundered Ministers (in 1649) was intended as an acknowledgment that an injustice had been done to him by his deprivation.

All that is known of his subsequent life amounts to but very little. He appears to have spent most of the time at or near Tring. Three of his children were born there, and his second son, Lawrence, was living there in 1665 (a short time, that is, before he followed his elder brother to Virginia). The latter, John Washington, emigrated some time between 1655, when he was made administrator of his mother's property (she having died in January, 1654-5) and 1657, in which year he is

known to have been in Virginia. His brother Lawrence, sometimes said to have gone to America with John, was married at Luton, Beds (twelve miles from Tring), in 1660. The entry in the parish register runs: "1660, June 26. Lawrence Washington, gentleman; and Mary Jones, married." In December, 1663, their daughter Mary was baptized at the same place. A remarkable thing about this connection with Tring is that it commenced before the rector's ejection from Purleigh. Three of his children (Lawrence, Elizabeth, and William) were baptized there prior to that event, the first-named in 1635, the two latter in 1636 and 1641 respectively.

The question arises, could Lawrence Washington, of Brasenose and Purleigh, have been a pluralist and enjoyed a living at or near Tring as well as the rectorship

of Purleigh? Mr. Waters gives some facts that would favour such a theory. For instance, we find him acting as temporary surrogate in the Archdeacon's court at Whet-hampstead (January 29th, 1649), in a case that had to do with a will. We find also that one of the most important men at Tring at this period (1608-32) was Sir Richard Anderson, lord of the manor of Pendley, which is partly within the parish of Tring and partly within that of Aldbury, but with its manor-house in the former parish. The estate, it is worthy of note, was purchased from Sir Francis Verney, a brother of Sir Edmund, in 1607.

Sir Richard's wife, Mary, was a daughter of Robert Lord Spencer,* Baron of Worm-

* In the inscription on his lordship's tomb Sir Richard Anderson is referred to as "of Penly in ye co. of Hertford."

leighton and owner of the manor of Althorp ; in other words, the great friend and patron of the Rev. Lawrence Washington's father and uncle, Lawrence and Robert Washington, of Brington. It is more than probable, therefore, that Lawrence Washington, of Brasenose, knew Mary Spencer in his early days at Brington or Wormleighton, and that through her influence and that of her husband he may have obtained some preferment which would account for his connection with Tring. Sir Richard Anderson died in August, 1632 ; his widow was buried at Tring in 1658. In his will Sir Richard bequeaths forty shillings to Lawrence Washington of Brasenose (whom he designates " my cousin "), also to the Right Hon. the Lord Spencer and others ten pounds each.

We gather these and many other interesting facts connected with the Rev.

Lawrence Washington, the father of the emigrants, from the researches made by Henry F. Waters in regard to the Washington pedigree, and published in *The New England Historic and Genealogical Register* for October, 1889. The first fact of importance thus hit upon was the discovery by Mr. Waters of the letters of administration granted in 1677 to one Edmund Jones,* of Luton, on the English property of Lawrence Washington, the younger of the two emigrants, who had died in Virginia. This interesting find was followed by others, the result whereof was to show that John and Lawrence Washington were the sons of a Mrs. Amphillis Washington, who died in 1654-5, and was buried at Tring. Here Mr. Waters's discoveries ended; he could

* Possibly a brother-in-law, Lawrence's wife, as we have seen, having been a Jones.

get no farther, and it still remained to connect this Mrs. Washington, whose husband was named Lawrence, and who was a clergyman and a Master of Arts, with the Lawrence Washington of Brasenose and Purleigh, whom we know (from "The Herald's Visitation" of 1618) to have been the brother of Sir William Washington and Sir John Washington, sons of Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave and Brington (whom Heard and Baker had assumed, though mistakenly, to be one of the two emigrants). Waters believed that he was the father of the emigrants, but his facts broke off just short of the point of actual proof.

Thus the matter remained until the accidental discovery in the State Department at Washington, in 1902, of the will of Mrs. Martha Hayward, *née* Washington, in

which she bequeaths "to my eldest sister, Mrs. Rumbold" (who was living in England), "a Tunne of good weight of Tobacco." We know from the will of one Andrew Knowling (dated January 13th, 1649)* that the emigrants had three sisters, of whom this Martha Hayward was the youngest, the others being named Elizabeth and Margaret respectively, the elder of the two being, as we have seen, Mrs. Elizabeth Rumball, or Rumbold.

The chief clause in Knowling's will is as follows:

"I will give and bequeath unto Laurence Washington (my godson) all my freehold lands and tenements wheresoever lying and being within the parish of Tring aforesaid or elsewhere within the realm of England, to have and to hold the same to him and his

* Given among other documents by Mr. Waters.

heirs for ever. Then I give and bequeath to Amphillis Washington, my daughter-in-law (and mother of the said Laurence), the sum of threescore pounds of current money of England, to be paid her within six months of my decease."

In addition there are bequests to Elizabeth Fitzherbert, another daughter-in-law, and to William Roades, a son-in-law ; also £28 a-piece to John Washington, William Washington, and to Elizabeth, Margaret, and Martha Washington, "daughters of the said Amphillis Washington, my daughter-in-law."

From these dispositions it is inferred that Andrew Knowling had married the widowed mother of William Roades, Amphillis Washington, and Elizabeth Fitzherbert.

We know from Baker ("History of

Northamptonshire") that the Rector of Purleigh's eldest sister, Elizabeth, was married to a Mr. Francis Mewce, who is supposed to have held some office in the King's household at Holdenby, and that in her will (given by Mr. Waters) occurs the item :

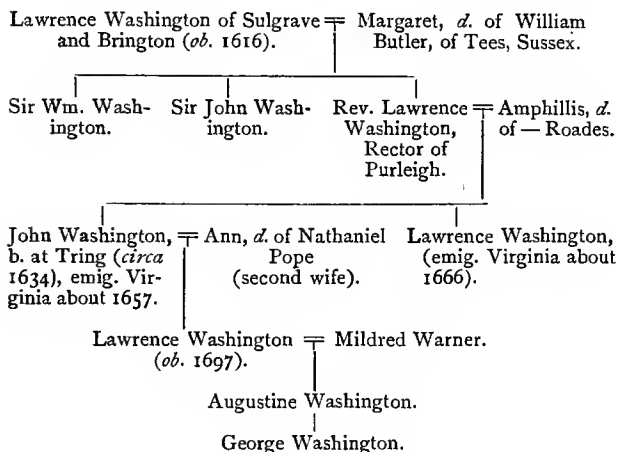
"I give and bequeath to Mrs. Elizabeth Rumball, my niece, five pounds."

Thus we have the sister of the Rev. Lawrence Washington, of Brasenose and Purleigh, referring to a daughter of the Rev. Lawrence Washington, the father of John and Lawrence Washington, who emigrated to Virginia, as "my niece." Nothing could well be more conclusive as showing that though Lawrence Washington, of Brington and Purleigh, who figures in the "Herald's Visitation" of 1618-19, was not one of the emigrants of 1657 and 1666, as held by

Heard and Baker, he was their father, and that, therefore, George Washington, the first President of the United States, was a lineal descendant of the Washingtons of Sulgrave and of their forebears of Warton in Lancashire.

We do not know when the Rev. Lawrence Washington died, or where he was buried. He was alive when the will of Andrew Knowling was made, but predeceased his wife, who passed away in January, 1654-5. Her eldest son, John, is supposed to have been born prior to 1634, as he must have been of age when probate was issued to him to administer his mother's estate in February, 1655. He would, therefore, be about twenty-four years of age when (in 1657) he went to Virginia. His brother Lawrence, born in 1635, was a year or two his junior, and died in Virginia in 1677.

The Washington pedigree, therefore, completed from page 23, is as follows :



It is worthy of note that when these scions of the Washington family “pulled up stakes” in England, resolved to try their luck in the new land beyond the sea, it had become common, if not fashionable, for younger and poorer members of noble and aristocratic families, seeing things so

much against them here, to cast in their lot with the pioneers of "the Wilderness." Many friends of the young Washingtons had already gone thither (including Tom Verney, a son of Sir Edmund) and others were going. Then they had a powerful friend in Sir Edwin Sandys (son of Dr. Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York), who was treasurer of the Virginia Company, and with whose family there was a Washington connection, Alice Washington, an aunt of the emigrants having been married to Robert Sandys, of London, eldest son of Thomas Sandys, a brother of Sir Edwin's. Later the widow of their cousin, Colonel Henry Washington, also became wife to a Sandys, she having espoused Samuel, another nephew of the treasurer.

Most of those who elected to go out to Virginia did so for the sake of finding a

home and a career, and there is no reason to suppose the Washingtons had any other motive for going (unless, indeed, the recollection of the treatment their father had received either at the hands of the Puritans for his loyalty to the king, or from his family and family connections because of his marriage, rankled in their bosoms). Not a few, however, had chosen exile (and others continued to do so) in the hope of enjoying greater freedom of worship in the new land. Among these must be reckoned the first Earl of Baltimore, the founder of Maryland; who, although he did not live to carry out the project in person, left it in such a state of forwardness that his sons, of whose work something is said later on, had only to realise his plans. Thus did some of the best blood of the old country go to the making of the new.

CHAPTER VII

THE HOME OF THE FRANKLINS

NEXT to George Washington himself, no man perhaps stands higher in the esteem of his countrymen for the services he rendered in connection with the founding of the American Republic than Benjamin Franklin, who from the position of a humble journeyman printer rose by his ability and achievements to be a fellow of the Royal Society, to win the highest academical distinctions of the Universities of Oxford, Edinburgh, and St. Andrews, and to hold high and important office in connection with the newly formed State, for which his wisdom had done so much in helping to

pilot it through troubled and dangerous waters into the haven of safety. As already stated, Franklin, like Washington, was descended from a Northamptonshire family; but, unlike the Washingtons, the Franklins had been long established in the county when an offshoot, detaching himself from the parent stock, went over and took root in the American continent.

In the case of Benjamin Franklin there is no doubt either as to his ancestry or his descent. His father was a native of Ecton, and was already a married man with children when he emigrated to America about 1685. The Franklins had been established at Ecton three hundred years, and probably much longer. They were of that sturdy class known as yeomen, and enjoyed a patrimony of thirty acres. Besides the cultivation of this freehold a blacksmith's business was

carried on, whereby the family resources were considerably augmented. The eldest son was always brought up to this trade, which was then, of course, a much more important one in every village than it is to-day.

The first of the family concerning whom we have any record was one Henry Franklin, whose son Thomas was baptized at Ecton Church on October 8th, 1598. Of this Thomas Franklin little is known, except that he was a man of some weight in the village counsels, and that he must have been a person of considerable parts. He was acting as churchwarden in 1653, when a collection was made in the village for the relief of the townsfolk of Marlborough, Wilts, who appear to have been in great distress, from some cause not ascertained, and he signed the register in confirmation of the fact on September 6th of that year.

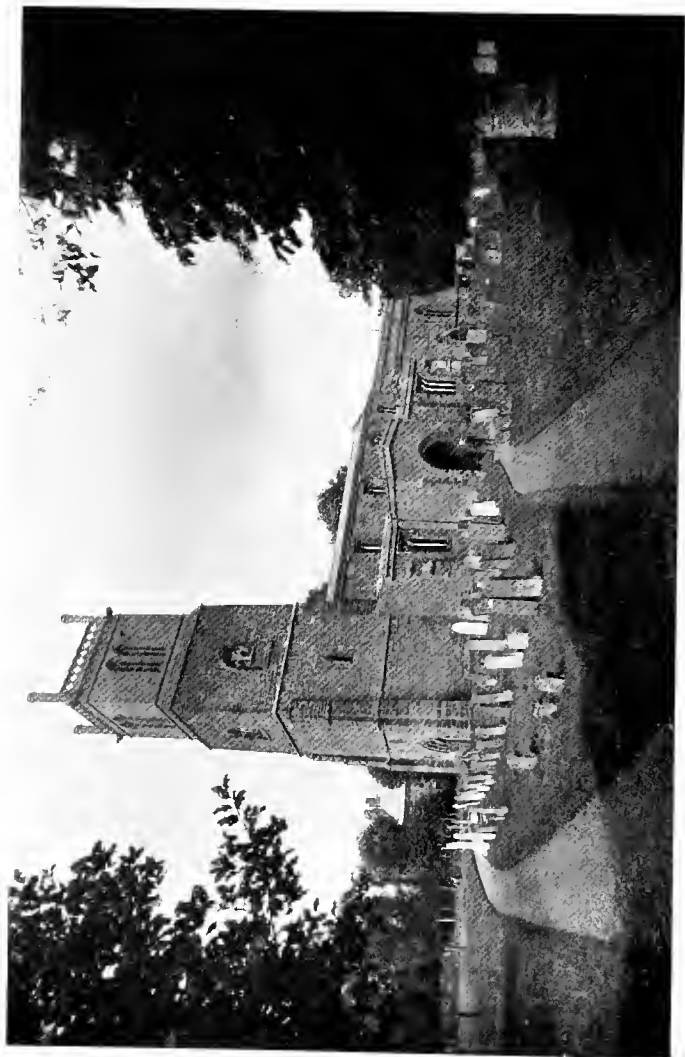
According to his son Josiah "he was imprisoned for a year and a day on suspicion of being the author of some poetry that touched the character of some great man." This appears to point to a literary gift which ran in the family, and cropped out again to some purpose in his grandson Benjamin.

This rural Thomas the Rhymer had four sons, of whom the eldest, named Thomas after his father, was baptized at Ecton in 1637, and died there on January 6th, 1702-3. The second son, John, became a wool-dyer, and settled in Banbury, while Benjamin, the third, after whom his great nephew was named, went to America and died there at an advanced age. Of the fourth and youngest son, Josiah, it has already been said that he was the father of the statesman and philosopher. He served an apprenticeship to his brother John, and in

middle life, when married and dowered with three children, he emigrated to America.

Of these four brothers, Thomas cuts the most considerable figure. Although brought up to his father's trade, learned in the blacksmith's art, and, according to some, in bell-founding (an art which it is thought, though without much warrant, that the Franklins practised), he did not confine himself to these crafts, but, taking to book-learning, and being encouraged thereto, equally with his brothers, by an "Esquire Palmer," the "principal inhabitant" of the parish, he qualified as a scrivener and attained to more than local repute in the county. He became clerk to the Commissioners of Taxes,* and it was probably

* In a letter written from London after his visit to Ecton in 1758, Franklin says of this uncle, "He was a conveyancer, something of a lawyer, clerk of the county courts, and clerk to the Archdeacon in his visitations."



ECTON CHURCH

in this, or some similar public capacity, that he made the acquaintance of Lord Halifax, who was thenceforth his friend and patron. This uncle of Franklin's was a man of such undoubted intelligence, and the recital which some elderly persons made to the statesman and his son of his character when they visited the village was so extraordinary from its similarity to what the latter knew of his father, as to cause him to remark that if his great-uncle had died four years later on the same day (which was the date of Benjamin Franklin's birth) they might have imagined that a transmigration had taken place.

Among other anecdotes related to them respecting this last of Franklin's ancestors who lived at Ecton was the following: He set on foot a subscription for erecting chimes in the steeple of the parish church,

and effected his purpose. "And we heard them play," Franklin comments (in a letter dated London, September 6th, 1758). They may still be heard, playing the same old airs, "Britons, strike Home," and a hymn tune. Is this putting up of the chimes the ground, one wonders, on which is based the supposition that the Franklins were bell-founders as well as smiths? More striking, and quite in the style of his famous nephew, was the good man's discovery of a method whereby their village meadows could be saved from drowning, as they not infrequently were by the overflowing of the river Nene. Franklin does not explain what the method was, though he tells us that when he was there it was "still in being." When first proposed "no one could conceive how it could be done," but they said, "If Franklin

says he knows how to do it, it will be done."

These and other instances of the old yeoman's grip and character were related to Franklin and his son by the wife of the rector (the Rev. Eyre Whalley),* who was a granddaughter of the famous Archdeacon Palmer (whose father, Thomas Palmer, bought the rectory in 1712 from the Catesbys), and remembered a great deal about the family and its doings and dealings.

Thomas Franklin's gravestone is still to be seen, and, thanks to the care of the present rector, the Rev. J. C. Cox-Edwards, its inscription read in Ecton churchyard. The inscription is as follows :

* Whalleys appear to have held the rectorship for the greater part of the eighteenth century, Thomas Palmer succeeding Bradley Whalley (installed 1715) in 1720, and then four Whalleys following each other from 1732 on.

Here lyeth the body of Thomas Franklin, who departed this life January 6th, Anno Dni. 1702 in the sixty-fifth yeare of his age.

His widow survived him some nine years, dying in 1711. The stone at the head of her grave, which is near his, bears the inscription :

Here lyeth the body of Eleanor Franklin, the wife of Thomas Franklin, who departed this life the 14th of March, 1711, in the 77th yeare of her age.

It is characteristic of these Franklins that they were strong Protestants, and during Mary's reign ran some danger of persecution on account of their hostility to the ancient faith.* Howbeit they appear to have

* Benjamin Franklin tells in his "Autobiography" how he learned from his uncle that, in the perilous days of Mary, the family concealed their English Bible by means of tapes under and within the cover of a joint-stool. When his great-grandfather wished to read it to

steered clear of ecclesiastical molestation until the house of Protestantism became divided against itself, when, some of the ministers ejected for their nonconformity holding meetings in the neighbourhood, Benjamin and Josiah Franklin became inoculated with the views they taught and remained true to them all their lives. It appears, however, to have been owing to their dissent that the two brothers in the end found their way to America. Such was certainly the case as regards the younger. "The conventicles being at that time forbidden by law," says his son, "and frequently disturbed in the meetings, some considerable

his family, he placed the joint-stool on his knees, and then turned over the leaves under the tapes. One of the children stood at the door to give notice if he saw the apparitor, an officer of the spiritual court, coming that way; in which case the stool was turned down upon its feet and the Bible concealed as before.

men of his acquaintance determined to go to that country, and he was prevailed with to accompany them thither, where they expected to enjoy the exercise of their religion with freedom." Thus for ever and again we find a live people kicking against the pricks of sacerdotalism and justifying the wisdom of ceaseless question and doubt.

Respecting his father (born at Ecton in 1698) Benjamin Franklin tells us that he was a man of sound sense and independent character, strong in his views on political and religious matters, and though precluded by his large family and straitened circumstances from taking part in public affairs, he was frequently consulted by leading citizens as to his opinion on matters of public interest, and those of the church to which he belonged. As to his private character, we learn that he was careful in regard to the

bringing up of his children (of whom he reared thirteen out of seventeen), and would have, as often as he could, some sensible friend or neighbour to converse with, so that, starting some ingenious or useful topic of conversation, their discourse might tend to improve the minds of his children. We learn further that he was something of a draughtsman, had a little skill in music, and used very agreeably to lighten the evening hours, after work was done, by singing very pleasantly to his own accompaniment on the violin. His first wife was a Jane White, of Banbury, his second a daughter of Peter Folger, who, born at Norwich, was one of the first settlers of Waterton, Mass., a man of exceptional parts and character, with some literary gifts, from whom Franklin may have inherited some of his remarkable endowments, as he is said to have done facial

characteristics, or if not from him, at least from the Folger family.

The brother who, like Josiah, changed from "Northamptonian earth" to the broader lands of New England, was equally gifted in his way. His famous nephew considered him too much of a politician for his station—a silk dyer—and possibly thought the weakness had militated against his success in life. He was an ingenious man, a great reader, and, like his father, addicted to poetry. One gathers that he had not a little influence upon his godson, whom he taught a system of shorthand that he had invented, and possibly turned his attention to literary matters. Of the second brother, John, who settled at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, less is known than of the others, though he appears to have been a man of intelligence and of an estimable character. Benjamin Franklin

records having seen his gravestone at Banbury in 1758. With him his father went to reside in his declining years, leaving the Ecton house, with the land, to his son Thomas, who in his turn bequeathed the estate to his only daughter, who, together with her husband, a Mr. Richard Fisher, a grazier and tanner, of Wellingborough, sold it to Mr. Isted, the lord of the manor.* According to his brother Josiah he died worth fifteen hundred pounds.

The will of this Thomas Franklin, a most interesting document, is as follows :

I, Thomas Franklin of Ecton in the County of Northton Yeomⁿ doe make this my last will and testam^t in maner following that is to say Ffirst I give to Eleanor my wife in lieu of her third and to

* Benjamin Franklin found this Mr. Fisher and his wife still living and in very comfortable circumstances at Wellingborough when he visited the county in 1758. They had had only one child, a daughter, who died unmarried about the age of thirty.

my only Daughter Mary my messuage and all my lands in Ecton aforesd with their appurtenances viz^t:—two yard lands in Badger's Hide ffive leyes & a halfe at Cockins hedge. Two leyes at Mill Dike and one acre in the east Rye field wth was purchased of one W^m. Glen for & during their lives, and after my said wife's death to my said daughter & her heires forsed Also I doe declare that about Two hundred pounds by me put out of my said Daughters money upon securities taken in her owne name is her only proper money & part of my Estate and therefore need not be put into the Inventory of my Goods Also I doe hereby make my said wife and daughter joynt Executrixes of this my Testam^t to whom I give all the rest & residue of my p'sonall estate betweene them equally to be divided after my debts paid witnesse my hand & seale the 15 day of September Anno Dñi 1697

Thomas Franklin sen^r

Hen Bagley

Thomas Franklin jun

Edm: James

Prob: 17 April 1703, by Eleanor Franklin & Maria Franklin

The Thomas Franklin who, with Henry Bagley and Edmund James, witnesses the above will, is evidently a member of a collateral family of the same name then living at Ecton, and is probably the same Thomas Franklin who in the will given below is appointed overseer (*i.e.* trustee) by the testator, Nicholas Franklin.

In the name of God Amen this twelfth day of August Anno Dni 1674 And in the six and twentyeth yeare of the Reigne of o^r Sovereigne Lord Charles the Second by the grace of God King of England & Scotland Ffrance & Ireland defend^r of the faith I Nicholas Ffranklin of Ecton in the County of North'ton Yeoman being sick in body but of complete understanding and memory doo make this my last will and testam^t in maⁿer following ffirst I comitt my soule into the hands of Almighty God my maker and redeemer and my body I comitt to the Earth to be buried in decent and christianlike maⁿer at the discession of my

executrix hereafter named, Alsoe I give unto
 my Cozen Robert Wiseman of Buckingham the
 sūme of twenty pounds twelve monthes after
 my decease Also I give to Humphry Pratt of
 Ecton my best suite of Cloathes And my next
 Suite I give to Robert Allen of Moulton And
 to Thomas Martin of Ecton my old Coate
 Alsoe I give unto my godson Thomas son of
 the said Humphry Pratt ffive shillings To my
 godson Nicholas Allen ffive shillings And to
 the rest of my godchildren hereafter named
 viz^t Richard Malerd of Ecton Anne now wife
 of David Palmer of Earles Barton Elizabeth
 daughter of John Hensman of Ecton and William
 sonne of William Barker of Ecton I give twelve
 pence apeece Twelve monthes after my decease.
 Alsoe I give to Anne Brice of Pasham Twenty
 shillings twelve monthes after my decease Also
 after the decease of my wife I give my cup-
 board in the Hall to Elizabeth daughter of
 George Bett of Ecton Also I give to the nine
 children of George Bett of Ecton aforesaid Tenne
 shillings apeece at their respective ataynm^t of
 the age of one and twenty yeares Also I give

to the poore of Ecton Tenne shillings to be paid twelve monthes after my decease Also I give to the foure children of Pearcy Eaglestone of Lamport Two shillings and sixpence apeece when they shall come to their respective age of one and twenty yeares Also I doe desire John Morris late of Billing and Thomas Ffranklin the young^r of Ecton aforesaid that they will be overseeres of the performance of this my last will and testam^t To whom I give twenty shillings apeece yet my mind and will is that if more debts shall be charged upon my executors than I now thinke of or by casualty mistake or otherwise howsever my money goods & chattells (household goods excepted) shall fall short of raising money to pay my debts legacyes and funerall expenses that then so much as they shall fall short shall be deducted and abated out of the legacyes aforesaid and I doe hereby make my wife sole executrix of this my last will & Testam^{ts} And if any doubt question or controversy shall happen to arise between my Executrix legateyes or any of them touching my Intent in any clause or sentence herein

conteyned It shall be judged and finally determined by my said overseeres or such umpire as they or the survivor of them shall choose In witness whereof I the said Nicholas Ffranklin have hereunto put my hand & seal the day and yeare first above written

Nicholas Ffranklin

His X marke

Jonathan Langdall

Richard Hensman

His X mark

Above Proved 22 Aug. 1674.

When Benjamin Franklin visited Ecton some eighty years later there appears to have been no one of the name left in the village. After hundreds of years of residence the last scion of the race had disappeared. Thus, one may remark, passed away from its ancestral home one of those families that have ever been among the best assets of English life, giving quality, character, and

genius to the country, and sending out into the world strong and farseeing men who have done such yeoman service in building up the nation and the nations that have grown from the English stem. It produced a Benjamin Franklin, and so justified its generations of high purpose strenuous thought, and wholesome labour and living. To-day the reflected light from his personality and achievement illumines the little village where his forefathers lived and toiled for so many generations, possibly even from Saxon times, when the name they bore stood for a class of freeholders above the free tenants (*Libere tenentes*), but below the *Miles* and *Armiger* in social position. In short, the "Frankleyn" (as we have it in Chaucer) was distinguished from other freeholders by the extent of his possessions.

Franklin was proud of his ancestry, proud to have descended from so respectable and worthy a stock, and it is in truth no small test of a family's strength and virility to have been able to maintain its grip on the one home and holding for hundreds of years, and come out on top at last. He took great pains when in England to find out all he could about his forebears and their home at Ecton.

Ecton is a quiet little village some four or five miles to the north-east of Northampton, on the high ground overlooking the valley of the Nene, with any number of interesting places round about, including Weston-Favel, remembered by some as the one-time home of Hervey, the author of "Meditations among the Tombs"; Earls Barton, with its fine old church, notable as showing vestiges of Anglo-Saxon work ;

Castle Ashby, one of the beautiful homes of the Earls of Northampton; Yardley Chase, with its rare sylvan beauties; Easton Maudit, so long the residence of Percy, of the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," before he became Bishop of Dromore, etc., etc.

It is permissible to note in this connection that Percy was presented to the collegiate living of Easton in 1753, and that three years later the rectorship of Wilby, a few miles away, fell into his lap—both which incumbencies he resigned in 1782 on being raised to the episcopal bench. One of his daughters was married to Ambrose Isted, lord of the manor of Ecton, and purchaser of the Franklin freehold.

Although so intimately associated with the Franklins, Ecton has to-day no house clearly definable as their dwelling-place.

When Benjamin Franklin visited the place in 1758 the house was still standing, "a decayed old stone building," even then known as the "Franklin House," and occupied by a person who kept a school. We are not told, however, where it stood. Cole, in his "History and Antiquities of Ecton" (written in 1825), says it was situated in the lower part of the village, but had long ago been demolished. A tradition of the place says it was destroyed by fire. There is, or was, in a garden adjoining the rectory a well known as Franklin's Well, and it is thought that the smithy may possibly have stood at this spot, being, as it is, situated near the main street of the village.

Some have pointed to the manor farm as having probably been the habitation of the Franklins ; but the tradition, if tradition

it may be called, though interesting, is very doubtful. It is, however, barely possible that the manor-house became the home of the last of the race to reside at Ecton. Thomas, the scrivener, conveyancer, or what-not, with his many public employs, could hardly have continued to work as a blacksmith while holding the offices he did ; and as he had no son to succeed him, it is not at all unlikely that he gave up the smithy, and with it the house connected therewith, finding the manor-house more convenient and suitable to his dignity as a county official. It should be possible, and it certainly would be interesting, to settle this question, if some one with access to county records would take the trouble to ransack them a couple of centuries or so back.

There is, anyway, a good deal of fascinat-

ing history connected with the old manor-house, as well as with the rectory. Mr. Whalley, the rector, and William Hogarth, the famous painter and satirist, were intimately acquainted, and the latter used to visit his friend at Ecton and spend much time there at his favourite occupation. These visits extended over a number of years, and during one of them he is said to have painted a sign for the village inn known as The World's End. Cole, in his little book above cited, says : " The World's End was built about sixty years since," and he goes on to say that, as Hogarth was staying in the village about that time, " it is very probable that it received its sign from that celebrated artist's curious emblematical production under the same title."

This is not at all unlikely. Tradition says that the sign showed a replica of the

roofless hut with the post and cross-tree in front carrying a board whereon was painted a globe on fire, to be seen in Hogarth's grim conception of the end of the world. The painting may, of course, have been done by some local limner as a sly way of showing honour to the rector's frequent guest; although it would have been quite in keeping with Hogarth's spirit of jest to paint it himself and present it to the village Boniface. Ecton was noted in these days for the number of Hogarthian pictures it could show. There were some at the rectory; Mr. Isted, the lord of the manor, possessed others; and if we may believe what perhaps is no more than common report, there were a few at the manor-house.

One wonders if the sign was there when Franklin paid his visit to the place in 1758,

and found the rector's wife so "good-natured and chatty," and if he heard from her gossip also of that master-spirit of a curious, many-coloured, low-grovelling yet upward-aspiring age, of whom and his mordant though not unkindly art she must have heard much, if she had not actually met the man.

CHAPTER VIII

SCROOBY AND THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THERE is hardly a more interesting spot in all England to New Englanders than the little village of Scrooby in Nottinghamshire, close to the Yorkshire border. It is a typical English village, and though of course much modernised it still retains many of its old-time features, including the parish church, albeit that too has undergone some changes. Dedicated to St. Wilfrid, its lofty octagonal spire, shooting up into the blue from the pinnacled tower, seems to look around with quiet delight upon the fair scene of woodland and mead that once formed part of Sherwood Forest and is

still to the inner eye peopled with fairy folk and the dreams of old romance. It is an ancient embattled edifice of stone in the Early English and Decorated styles, fair to look upon, with many memorials of the past, but none to equal the memories that might be yielded up by its cracks and crannies had what are sometimes called dead objects the living power to give forth again the treasured sights and sounds gathered up and everywhere stored by the palpitating ether that fills and vitalises space. For Scrooby is situated on the great north road between Tuxford and Doncaster, and was at one time an important "post" for those who had to use the highways for business or pleasure. Since the building of the Great Northern Railway, however, on which Scrooby possesses a station, the village has lost its importance as a posting

centre, though it is still a busy little place, and the focus of much agricultural life and activity. The rivers Idle and Ryton bound the parish on the north-east and west sides, and these, in Tennyson's phrase, still "flow on for ever," as in the days of Wolsey, in the days of Sandys, and in those of the Brewsters and Bradfords, with whom its name and fame are to-day so closely, and in the minds of New Englanders, so lovingly associated.

At one end of the village street the course of the Ryton is spanned by a picturesque mill, the ancient stones of which bear the names of the people who cut them in 1710. The old archiepiscopal mansion belonging to the See of York, once its glory, has long since disappeared, albeit some buildings formerly connected with it still remain. Though not exactly of palatial

dimensions, it formed a very considerable residence, "builded yn courtes whereof the first is very ample," Leyland tells us in his "Itinerary," and when it was the fashion for prelates to hunt its walls echoed to many a merry wassail. Henry VIII. once spent a night within its walls on his way into Yorkshîre, and Wolsey in the heyday of his prosperity is known to have visited it several times. In 1530, on the eve of his downfall, he passed some weeks at this pleasant but sequestered retreat, no doubt with thoughts often in his mind similar to those which Shakespeare puts into his mouth :

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

After leaving Scrooby he proceeded to Cawood, and was there arrested.

Here, it has been suggested, the project for the colonisation of New England may have been first mooted. But though that is doubtful, there can be no question that at Scrooby, at all events, the spirit arose which led to the founding of the first colony, and here those who were moved by that spirit found their nobly inspired leaders. William Brewster, one of the chief founders of the Plymouth colony, was a native of Scrooby, born there either during the last half of 1566 or the first half of 1567.* His father, named William like himself, held the position of bailiff of

* It has been held by some that, because the coat of arms preserved in the Brewster family in America is identical with that of the ancient Suffolk family of the same name, Elder Brewster must have been a descendant of Brewsters of that county. The circumstances, however, may be accounted for by the supposition that the Brewsters of Scrooby were a collateral branch of the Suffolk sept.

the manor of Scrooby, which belonged to the See of York, being appointed to the post by Archbishop Sandys in the month of January 1575-6. He was accorded a life-tenure of the office, his residence being the old palace or hunting-seat, which, it has been remarked, under the graver manners of Protestantism, a prelate like Sandys would hardly require. To his office of bailiff Brewster joined that of postmaster; that is, he had to furnish horses to travellers who arrived at Scrooby, and wished to go forward to the next "post," either north or south. Under certain circumstances also he might be required to supply them with food and lodging.

Here therefore young Brewster spent his youth, seeing such life as was to be met with in a small hamlet like Scrooby, slow and rude for the most part, though not

without its livelier episodes when gay cavalcades of travellers or other wayfarers appeared upon the scene, filled the air for a brief space with visions of the larger world, and then passed on; or when perchance some heavy-browed man, weighted with the cares of State, tarried for an hour's rest, or may be spent the night there, supping with the tenant of the old archiepiscopal palace, listening to the gossip as to who had lately come and gone that way, and hearing in return news of the doings at Court or in the world beyond the seas, where in those stirring days there were always things going on calculated to fire men's blood. Many an enterprise of the kind must have come to young Brewster's ears while yet in his callow youth, when in company with his cousin James he was taking in the rudiments of learning as they

were understood in Elizabeth's days. For there was, contemporary with William Brewster, the elder, a Henry Brewster, supposed to have been his brother, who was at once Vicar of Sutton-cum-Lound and Rector of Scrooby, and who after thirty-eight years of service was (1598) succeeded by his son James. The signature of this James (who died in 1614) is said to have had so striking a resemblance to that of the younger William Brewster as to suggest their having been educated together, possibly by the father and uncle, Henry Brewster.

To whomsoever it was that he owed his early education, it must have been very thorough, as we find that he matriculated at Peterhouse, Cambridge, December 3rd, 1580, that is, if the assumed year of his birth be the correct one, when he was about fourteen years of age. How long he re-

mained at the University is not known. Bradford, in his "Memoir" of Brewster, says he "spent some small time" there, attaining "some knowledge of the Latin tongue and some insight in the Greek." In any case he appears not to have remained long enough to take his degree, and while still in his nonage he left college and entered the service of William Davison, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, who, we are told, found him so "discreete and faithfull," and so given to serious thoughts, that he was led to "esteem him rather as a son than as a servant," and employed him in matters of special trust and confidence, in preference to his fellow clerks. When, in August, 1585, Davison went on his embassy to the Netherlands, Brewster accompanied him and was again trusted with such implicit confidence that

into his keeping were given the keys of three of the "strong places" of Holland, which the ambassador received as security for a loan, and of these he was so careful as to sleep of nights with them under his pillow.

These months spent in Holland must have had a powerful influence upon so thoughtful and receptive a mind as Brewster's. The "sight of a brave people in arms for national and religious freedom" was one calculated to awaken feelings and start trains of thought that never again became entirely dormant and were in the coming years to rise like plants in the springtime and bear flowers and fruit in season.

On his master's return from his mission Brewster continued to serve him until his downfall in 1587, when (one of his biographers tells us) he "turned away from

the dangerous attractions of the Court, that had proved so fateful to Davison, and returning to Scrooby, acted as assistant to his father in the duties of the post." There he lived "in good esteem amongst his friends, and y^e gentlemen of those parts, especially the godly and religious," doing much good "in promoting and furthering religion." *

In 1590 Brewster was appointed administrator of the estate of his father, who died in the summer of that year. He appears at that time to have succeeded to the tenancy of the manor farm, and applied for the postmastership. Sir John Stanhope, however, who had become Postmaster-General in June 1590, appointed one Bevercotes to the office, and it was only through the influence of his old friend Davison that

* Bradford's *Memoir*.

Brewster was finally granted the post which his father had held so long, and, it is thought by some, his grandfather before him. In this position the future Plymouth Elder remained from April, 1594, or earlier, until the autumn of 1607.

During these years his place of residence was the manor-house, or old archiepiscopal palace, above referred to, his salary as "post" being at first 1s. 8d., and then (after July, 1603) 2s. 5d. per diem. Here it was, we are told, that, having become converted to those serious views of religion which were then spreading through the country, especially in the Midland counties, Brewster "on the Lord's Day entertained with great love" a company of Brownists or Separatists, "making provision for them to his great charge." Tradition says they gathered for worship in one of the out-

buildings of the manor, there being no other convenient place in the village wherein they could meet. With his zealous example as their guide, aided by the ministrations of John Smyth, once curate of Gainsborough, and Richard Clifton, who had held the livings of Marnham and Babworth, the growing congregation made great progress. Notable accessions to its numbers were found in the Rev. John Robinson, whose name has been handed down to posterity in honourable connection with the story of the Pilgrim Fathers, and in William Bradford, the son of a yeoman of Austerfield, a little Yorkshire village a mile or two north of Scrooby, the old manor-house of which, the home of the Bradfords, is still in existence.

Here, when the subsidy of 1575 was collected, the only persons having sufficient

property to be rated were William Bradford and John Hanson. Nine years later the son and daughter of these two, named William and Alice respectively, were married, and in due course two daughters and a son were born to them. The son was William Bradford, afterwards Governor of the Plymouth colony, and according to the entry still to be seen in the old register, was baptized in the parish church on March 19th, 1589. The family held the rank of yeomen, and on the death of his father in 1591, young Bradford, according to Mather, was left with a comfortable inheritance, and was "cast on the education first of his grandparents and then of his uncles," who trained him, like his ancestors, to the calling of husbandry. He is said to have had his attention turned to religion through the reading of the Geneva Bible

at the early age of twelve or thirteen, and shortly afterwards took to attending the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Clifton, the Puritan Rector of Babworth, whither, with William Brewster and others, he used to walk on Sundays to hear that "faithful pastor's edifying word."

As, however, the distance to Babworth was a matter of five miles, it was not a walk which all could take, even though they were thirsting for the truth. And that there were thirsting ones at Scrooby was known; for though, when James I. came to the throne, there was supposed to be but one Separatist church left in the whole of England, and that at Gainsborough (twelve miles west of Scrooby), whence its members were, in 1605-6, compelled to seek refuge in Holland; yet here and there were left individuals and small

groups of the faithful whom persecution had only driven into hiding, not into denial, and of these not a few were to be found in Scrooby. Of these it was necessary to take thought, and so Brewster—soon after to be elected Elder—began to gather them together under the roof of the old archiepiscopal hunting-box, and as Richard Clifton appears to have been ejected from his living about this time, he was chosen pastor of the little flock.

Little remains of the old palace save the manor-farm, to an outer wall of which a brass plate has been affixed, bearing an inscription to the effect that the tablet was so placed by the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Massachusetts, to mark the site of the ancient Manor House wherein William Brewster organised the Pilgrim Church.

Bradford soon threw in his lot with the

rest. Notwithstanding the strong opposition of his relatives and the scoffs of neighbours, he joined the Separatists on May 1st, 1606, at the house of his friend Brewster. Being a youth of spirit and resolution, as well as of some prospective means, his accession to the little community doubtless tended to strengthen and encourage it, although the progress of the movement appears to have been chiefly due to the zeal and influence of Brewster, who, according to Bradford, was "a special stay and help" to the little flock. Though, in point of social position, the former was hardly superior to Bradford, and possibly some others of the community, he was, as regards education and experience of the world, the best qualified to take the lead, as well in worldly as in other affairs.

When they "had been about a year together" the threat of persecution caused

the community to resolve on following the example of the Gainsborough congregation and removing with their families and effects to Holland. This determination was come to towards the end of 1607. Brewster relinquished his post in September of that year, and those of his fellow religionists who had property turned it into cash. Meanwhile Bradford and some other members of the party had entered into negotiations with a Dutch captain, who agreed to embark them at Boston, forty miles distant from Scrooby, somewhat decayed from what it had been, but still a port of considerable importance, whose church (of St. Botolph) Longfellow tells us—

Far over leagues of land
And leagues of sea looks forth its noble tower,
And far around the chiming bells are heard.

Thither, at the time appointed, carrying

such valuables as they wished to take with them, they made their way, men, women, and children, with no small toil and difficulty. The King, however, had closed the ports against such as had not his licence to depart, and the Dutch skipper, either through fear, or to get a further bribe from the authorities as an informer, betrayed them to the catchpoles, with the result that the poor Pilgrims, when they hoped to be soon out at sea and watching Boston "Stump," as the old church tower was called, gradually receding from view, found themselves seized and roughly hauled ashore. Not only did they thus lose their passage money, but while in the boats on their way to land they were robbed of their money and effects and otherwise barbarously handled.

It is creditable to the good feelings and

humanity of the magistrates of Boston to be able to say that they treated the fugitives with courtesy, and would have discharged them if that course had been within their power. As it was not, most of the poor people languished in prison for a month and were then dismissed. Brewster, Bradford, and five other leading men were kept in prison until the assizes, when they were subjected to heavy fines. This robbery by the minions of the law at Boston, followed by legal fines, fell heavily upon the little company, and especially upon Brewster, who was thereby "rendered so nearly destitute that for years he lived in Holland in the greatest poverty—he who," as one of his biographers quaintly observes, "had once kept the keys of Dutch cities and feasted with princes and ambassadors."

It is worthy of remark that, though the

Pilgrims were treated so badly at Boston, in after-years the evil recollection rankled so little in their minds that their chief city was named after the old port. This arose from the fact that our Lincolnshire Boston, noted at the time for its liberality, soon after became distinguished for its Nonconformity, as well as for sending out many notable men to the New England colony. One historian gives it credit for contributing a greater number of the leading families to the Massachusetts Bay settlement than any other place except London. It certainly is a striking fact that among the emigrants who went thence were the vicar, John Cotton, Governors Thomas Dudley, Bellingham, and Leverett, and the magistrate, William Coddington, afterwards governor of Rhode Island.

In the following spring many of those

who had been baulked in their first attempt, with others, agreed with the captain of a Dutch vessel then at Hull to embark them at Grimsby Common, a tract of waste land near the mouth of the Humber. Making their way thither by stealth viâ Gainsborough, some managed to get on board, and, after a prolonged and dangerous passage, arrived in Amsterdam; others were again foiled; albeit in the end most of those whose zeal held out, aided by the patriarchs of the flock, Clifton, Robinson, and Brewster (all, with the Rev. John Smyth, Cambridge men), succeeded in reaching their present haven of peace—Holland, a land notable in its day for the lead it gave the modern world in respect of liberty and tolerance touching religious matters.

Brewster was one of the last to leave. Both he and Bradford, as well as others,

had a hard time of it in the country of their adoption, many of them having to learn new handicrafts or ways of living in order to meet their daily needs. In any case their sojourn among the Dutch was not a bed of roses, and in course of time, actuated by the desire to live "as English folk under English rule," the idea, first mooted, it is said, in the Scrooby days, of emigrating to an English colony, came up afresh, and found warm supporters in both Brewster and Bradford.

Impetus was no doubt given to the scheme by the fact that an order was issued for Brewster's arrest, at the instance of the English Government. Brewster after a time supported himself at Leyden by teaching English to German and Danish students at the University. Afterwards he set up a printing press, issuing therefrom such

theological works as could not safely be published here, and some of these finding their way to London, the English Government (in 1619) complained and asked to have Brewster arrested and sent for trial in England. The Dutch, having just then special reasons for wishing to be on good terms with James, at once agreed, and in due course an arrest was made—of some one with a name not unlike Brewster. This knowledge coming to the latter's ears, he immediately took flight and, getting back to England, found London a safe and commodious hiding-place.

Here privily and with the aid of friends (among whom must be named the Rev. John White, rector of Holy Trinity, Dorchester) he was able to help forward the emigration scheme. Originally the choice of the Pilgrims lay between Guiana and Virginia, but

for obvious reasons the latter colony was finally decided upon. One of Brewster's companions while in the employ of Davison was Sir Edwin Sandys, the son of the Archbishop, afterwards treasurer of the Virginia Company, and it was with his assistance that a patent was eventually applied for and obtained for a tract of land to found a settlement in that colony. The remainder of the story need not be told here; it is too well known to need recapitulation. On September 5th, 1620, Brewster and Bradford, with a company of Pilgrims, numbering in all a hundred men, women, and children, embarked for their destination in the *Mayflower* and *Speedwell* at Southampton; but before they had gone far down the Channel, the captain of the latter refused to continue the voyage, declaring his vessel unseaworthy. Wherefore,

putting in at Plymouth, all the Pilgrims were then transferred to the *Mayflower*, which then continued her voyage ; and as Providence and the elements would, landed in due course on the rock where they were destined, more perhaps than any other single body of men, to lay the foundations of a State that to-day stands second to none in the living world.

Plymouth,* as the last port the emigrants touched at before committing themselves to the broad sweep of the Atlantic, fittingly gave its name to the rock upon which Mary Chilton was the first to spring and to the settlement which, it may be truly said, started a new era in the world's history ; seeing that the Pilgrims, before

* Where, on the sea-wall, is to be seen a tablet bearing an inscription giving the date of the sailing of the *Mayflower*, while a stone in the pavement of the adjacent pier marks the place of embarkation.

landing, actually drew up and signed a social or civic contract such as Rousseau afterwards dreamed and wrote about.

Before the departure of the ships Elder Brewster, it is said, paid a visit to his old home by the Idle, to see and say farewell to many co-religionists who, from age or other disabilities, were compelled to live out their days, patient and resigned, in their little houses and narrowed bounds. Little houses with narrowed bounds: and yet how many have been the great souls the world has seen struggling to light in them! We can imagine the great-hearted Brewster going from one to another, bidding them farewell, with words of cheer and encouragement, and leaving behind him the never-to-be-obiterated memory of a man of noble stature, habited in a coat of purple velvet, green vest, and grey corduroy small clothes, but,

more than all these, wearing ever a smile of ineffable sweetness on his grave and handsome face.

At the same time, we may be sure, he paid also a visit to the faithful at Gainsborough, so intimately associated with the Puritan movement, and with the labours of John Smyth and John Robinson, especially the latter (held by some to have been born there), to whom a Memorial Church was erected in 1896, when the foundation stone was laid, on June 29, by the Hon. T. F. Bayard, the American Ambassador to England.

Nor is it unlikely that he was accompanied by John Carver, one of the elders of the company of Pilgrims, who, though it is not known for certain, is supposed to have been a native of those parts. Certain it is that he took refuge in Holland with the others

in 1607-8, and became a deacon of Mr. Robinson's church at Leyden. A "grave, pious, prudent, self-denying, and judicious" man, he, along with the rest, threw his estate into the common lot when the brotherhood set out for the New World, and on arrival there was chosen first governor, to hold the office until the following year (1621) only, death then taking him from the scene.

CHAPTER IX

A LANCASHIRE AND A SUFFOLK HERO

Just then the ghost drew up his chair
And said, "My name is Standish"!

LOWELL.

MILES of that ilk ; that is, of Standish by Wigan in Lancashire : from which county came, as we have seen, another family that gave to the New World a man as stalwart as he—to wit, George Washington, the first President. Nothing much is known of Miles Standish's early life, save that, a scion of the old Lancashire family that takes its patronymic from the village of that name, he was probably born, though this is not certain, at Duxbury Hall, situate between Wigan and Chorley ($1\frac{1}{2}$ miles

south of the latter place), and within two or three miles of Standish. From his will we learn that his great-grandfather was a "second or younger brother of the house of Standish, of Standish," while from the circumstance that he gave to his estate in New England the name of Duxbury it has been inferred that he was descended from the Duxbury branch of the family.

This inference would appear to be borne out by the circumstance that his arms and crest were those of the Duxbury branch. He (says Longfellow)—

Still bore the family arms, and has for his crest a
 cock argent
 Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the
 blazon ;

the crest of the Standish branch being an owl with a rat in its claw proper. These arms are still to be seen in the chancel

window of Chorley old church, where the quaint family pew of the Standishes (in the nave opposite the pulpit) is also shown.

For some unknown reason he appears to have been deprived of a part, if not the whole, of his inheritance. The clause in his will referred to says: "I give unto my son and heir-apparent, Alexander Standish, all my lands as heir-apparent by lawful descent in Ormskirk, Burscough, Wrightington, Mawdsley, Newburrow, Croxton, and in the Isle of Man, and given to me as right heir by lawful descent, but surreptitiously detained from me, my great-grandfather being a second or younger brother of the house of Standish, of Standish."

There is something inexplicable in the charge herein contained ; albeit some colour

is given to it by the circumstance that the pages of the church register of Chorley containing the births for 1584-5 (in the former of which years Standish is supposed to have been born) has been defaced. One investigator into the family history and pedigree finds that in the great controversy between Catholics and Protestants there was a division in the family, part adhering to the ancient faith, and part to the Protestant religion. Thus there arose, as it were, two families—the Standishes who were of Standish Hall and the Standishes who were of Duxbury Hall. The inference intended to be drawn from this statement is, apparently, that the *odium theologicum* led to Miles, the Puritan scion of the house, being deprived of his patrimony. On the other hand, it has been shown that the two branches of the family existed from a very early date.

Contemporary with Miles Standish there was at Standish Hall (in the main line) Ralph Standish, while the representative of the Duxbury Hall branch at the same time was Thomas Standish, whose three sons successively held the estate, the last of them being the father of Sir Henry Standish, Bart. (created such in 1677). To add to the mystery of this alleged deprivation of inheritance, it has been pointed out that, if Miles Standish belonged to the Standishes of Standish, it was very odd that he should have given to his estate in New England the name of Duxbury, in honour of the branch of the family to which he did not belong.

The whole story, however, is a dead one now, and need not further concern us here. More to our present purpose is the fact that he came of an ancient and sturdy race.

In Froissart we read how, in the time of Richard II., the rebel, Wat Tyler, was slain by a "squyer of the Kinges called John Standysshe," who was honoured with knight-hood for his valliancy. Longfellow refers to this act in his "Courtship of Miles Standish":

One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart
of Wat Tyler ;

and he shows how the Puritan Standish was of the same quick, resolute, courageous, and resourceful spirit as his doughty forebear. Moreover, his natural powers had been whetted and made keener of edge by experience in war, he having while still a youth entered the army and fought under the Veres in Holland, rising to the rank of captain.

We can well believe that Standish was no mere soldier of fortune, but was led to

turn his sword against the Spaniards by the faith, and we may add, by the fury of the conviction within him ; for he was no player in these things, but a soldier to the finger-tips, one who came to the point with the suddenness and rush of a thunder-bolt (as when he got three traitorous Indians into a room by themselves and slew the lot).

After the truce of 1609 Standish went to Leyden, and if he did not actually join the Separatist or Puritan congregation there, under the charge of John Robinson, he showed himself sufficiently in sympathy with them and their aims to become one of the Pilgrim company which in 1620 embarked in the *Mayflower* for the Western World, and in due course landed with them in the bay of Cape Cod. Here, before disembarkation, Standish was appointed military

commander, his duty being with a small body of armed men, having "every one his musket, sword, and corselet," to explore the country round and see that no lurking foes were about. On November 21, we are told, sixteen such warriors, "under the command of Captain Myles Standish, were despatched ashore on a second exploration." For those who like to picture the hero at the head of this little company, Longfellow's description will serve :

Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan
leather.

.

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and
athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep chested, with muscles
and sinews of iron ;
Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard
was already
Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in
November,

Five years later Standish revisited England as agent for the colony (doubtless with an eye also to the recovery of his inheritance); returning in the following year with supplies. During the intervening months in the homeland we can imagine the feelings with which he retrod the beloved scenes of his youth, and heard again the well-remembered dialect. We can imagine too the emotion with which he was stirred at sight of Duxbury Hall and the old church; of Standish, too (with its old cross and stocks, well known of delinquents, in the market-place), so intimately associated with the lives of his people; but, deeper still, the emotion with which he was moved as, treading shaw and clough, he felt the joy of the earth-mother, when, breaking from under ground with flower and leaf to meet the newly returning sky-lover, she caused the whole

land to resound with the chavish of laverock and throstle. Very different now is the scene, with its coal-pits and iron-works, from what it was in Standish's day ; but even yet, notwithstanding blackness and grime, hedgerows whiten in spring-time, and fields gladden with colour and song, the more perhaps because of the contrast.

Returning to Massachusetts, "the first commissioned military officer of New England," as Miles Standish has been styled, settled down for the remainder of his days at Duxbury, living some thirty years longer in his new home, and leaving behind him a reputation that has inspired the pens of two of the best poets of his country, Lowell and Longfellow, besides others, one of whom styles him, and not inaptly, "the Greatheart of the Pilgrim band,"

Much such another man as Standish, in general character, was John Winthrop, first governor of the colony of Massachusetts Bay. Born at Edwardston, Suffolk, in the month of January, 1587, his early life was spent at Groton Manor, situated about five miles east of the little town of Sudbury, in a pleasant undulating country, famous as having given birth to two of England's greatest painters, Gainsborough and Constable.

The Manor was in former days a possession of the Abbots of Bury St. Edmunds, and in the third year of Richard I. Abbot Sampson (of whom we learn so much in Carlyle's "Past and Present") leased it to one Adam Copefield for life. Subsequently (1544) Adam Winthrop, of Lavenham, a substantial clothier, who had been granted the freedom of the city of London in 1526,

and was Master of the Clothworkers' Company in 1551, obtained the estate by grant, and there settled for good, having been (in 1548) empowered to sign himself "Armiger." Adam Winthrop was the grandfather of John, later known as the "Moses of New England." His father appears to have been called to the Bar, and was auditor to Trinity and St. John's Colleges, Cambridge, whither he went from time to time on the business of his office.

John Winthrop was admitted at Trinity College, Cambridge, in December, 1602, and continued his studies there until his marriage, in 1605, to the daughter and heiress of John Forth of Great Stambridge, near Rochford, in the south-eastern district of Essex, in which place he abode for some years. He is said to have been made a justice of the peace at the age of eighteen.

In 1626 Winthrop was appointed attorney in the Court of Wards and Liveries, presided over by Sir Robert Naunton. The aspect of affairs in Parliament, however, together with the impending crisis in the political world and his sympathy with the Congregationalist movement, caused him to turn his thoughts towards emigration; and on the twentieth day of October, 1629, the London proprietors of the Massachusetts Company having determined to transfer the seat of government to the New World, John Winthrop was elected governor of the colony. He went out in the following year with eleven ships and a large number of emigrants, arriving at Salem in the month of June. Shortly thereafter he removed to Charlestown; whence in the September following he and his fellow-colonists again made a move—this time to

the site now occupied by Boston, which they founded. During twelve of the nineteen years that John Winthrop lived in Massachusetts he was governor of the colony, and in his way did as much as any to mould the character of the people with whose destinies he had cast in his lot. He was a man of pious and kindly disposition, frugal, temperate, and industrious, and from the love that his fellow-colonists bore him he got the name (which has ever since been as a wreath about his brow) of the Father of Massachusetts.

At Groton (where a Winthrop still reigns) are many memorials of the first Governor's family and connections. The church contains tablets to the memory of John Winthrop himself, to his first wife Mary Forth, and to his second wife Thomasine Clopton. Windows in the nave and aisles contain

shields bearing the arms of the Forth and Clopton families impaled with those of the Winthrops, as also those of the Winthrop and Tyndale families, the Governor having taken as his third wife a daughter of Sir John Tyndale. The tomb of the second Adam Winthrop, in the churchyard, also bears the chiselled coat-of-arms of the family. The present Hall is not the one in which Winthrop lived prior to his departure for the Western World.

It took four ships to convey the first Governor and his companions to their destination. The names of some of those companions cannot be read without a feeling of wonder at the depth of feeling which must have stirred the country to induce men and women of their stamp and eminence to leave refined and, in many cases, comparatively luxurious homes, in

order to take up their abode in what was then an unreclaimed wilderness, with ferocious savages as their nearest neighbours. Among the number were William Coddington, already named as a subsequent Governor of Rhode Island; Thomas Dudley (for many years Deputy-Governor of Massachusetts and twice its Governor); Simon Bradstreet (also afterwards Governor of Massachusetts) and his wife Anne (*née* Dudley), famed in her day as a poetess*; Lady Arbella Johnson (daughter of the third Earl of Lincoln), and her husband, Isaac Johnson, a native of Clipsham, Rutlandshire (who died a few months later, the richest man in the colony); the Rev. George Phillips and wife; and some others

* In one of her poems, relating to her children, occur the lines:

I had eight birds hatcht in one nest—
Four cocks there were and hens the rest.

less known to fame but of equal standing and education.

We might go on to speak of Sir Henry Vane and John Endicott, one a member of the well-known Vane or Fane family of Kent, the other a native of Dorchester, or of that southern part of the country, both of whom left their mark on the new country, though Vane was only a few years there, destiny then calling him to a higher and more perilous place in the home land. Endicott went out in 1629, at the head of a band of settlers intent on forming a colony on a tract of land on the Merrimack River purchased for the Plymouth Company. A man of education, with a knowledge of affairs, and some acquaintance with things military (in which capacity he was a leader in the war against the Indians), Endicott was noted for his piety and high principle : noted

also as a great stickler for Puritan manners and methods. In this respect some of his actions have been taken exception to, but chiefly his having pulled down a Maypole erected at a place called "Merry Mount," now Quincy, and cut the cross from the English flag. Some, however, say that it was not the cross that moved his ire but the flag itself, which was the symbol of a tyrannous government that had driven them all into exile. And as a proof that he had nothing against the Christian emblem they adduce the fact that he wore his beard, Crusader-fashion, in the form of a cross. Something of Crusader methods, indeed, he appears to have shown towards the Quakers, who—they also wishing to escape persecution in England—sought a home in the new land, but were repulsed by his "sour and joyless nature." Both Long-

fellow and Whittier give dark pictures of this man's Puritan narrowness and cruelty. The former in his "New England Tragedy of Endicott" makes him give utterance to the words :

Four already have been slain,
And others banished upon pain of death.
But they come back again to meet their doom,
Bringing the linen for their winding sheets.

CHAPTER X

PENN'S HOMES AND BURIAL PLACE

NOTHING, we imagine, can ever deaden or diminish the interest, not only of Americans, but of all educated English-speaking people, in that part of Buckinghamshire so intimately associated with William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, and since his time popularly known as the Penn country. There was a Penn country, however, before Penn; that is, before Penn of Sylvania, if we may so speak of him. If we take up a copy of the Ordnance Map we see on the west border of the county, where it adjoins Oxfordshire, a little

cluster of houses accompanied by a church named Penn. This is the village of Penn. It is situated on a headland or "pen" of the Chiltern Hills, whence the name. Around, its little church looks down upon beech woods, formerly extending from the Thames to the borders of Oxfordshire, but now broken by stretches of arable and pasture, the former, as the eye rests upon the scene, gladdening with the promise of the yellowing corn. Here as early as the thirteenth century lived Penns, Hugh de Penn in 1273 presenting the rectory of Penn to one William de London. The Penns appear to have been retainers of the Berkeleys or in some way connected with them, and from that family they acquired, some time towards the end of the fifteenth century, the manorial rights of Penn.

The Berkeleys form an important link

too between the Penns of Penn, Bucks, and the Penns of Minety, Wiltshire, from whom William Penn was a direct descendant. Minety is on the Gloucestershire border ; it was indeed formerly in part a parish of that county, but was afterwards incorporated by Act of Parliament with Wilts. There are no other Penns in the West country except those of Minety, and it is supposed that the first Gloucestershire Penn went thither in the following of a Berkeley, his feudal superior, who had his castle at Berkeley on the Avon near its junction with the Severn, bearing with him the coat of arms of the Buckinghamshire family. There is, however, no direct evidence of the connection ; although the monument to Admiral Penn, the father of William, in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, tells us that he was the son of Giles Penn

of the Penns of Penn Lodge,* in the county of Wilts, and the "Penns of Penn, in the county of Bucks," thus showing that there was at least a family tradition of the existence of such connection.

William Penn was born neither in Wiltshire nor in Bucks, but on Tower Hill, in a court adjoining London Wall (1644). In his fifteenth year he went to Christchurch, Oxford, but was expelled from the University for imbibing Quaker views. Thus and then began the trouble and

* Penn Lodge appears to have been in Wiltshire; but the Penns seem to have had property and also to have resided in Gloucestershire. William Penn's descent from the original Penn of Minety is shown in the annexed table :

William Penn, of Minety, yeoman (died 1591).	
William Penn	— Margaret Rastall.
(Law-clerk)	
Giles Penn	— Joan Gilbert.
William Penn (Admiral)	— Margaret Jasper.
	William Penn.

turmoil of his life. They need not be referred to here except in so far as they bear upon his connection with Buckinghamshire. Persecuted for his faith, he found in this part of the country staunch friends who stood firmly and faithfully by him all through his chequered career. At Chalfont St. Peter's, "at their house called the Grange," lived Isaac Pennington and his family. Pennington was a Quaker, and his house was always open to those who were of the Society of Friends. Here Ellwood, the friend of Milton, was a frequent visitor; indeed for seven years he was the tutor of Pennington's children. Pennington's brother William, a London merchant, was also frequently at the Grange, bringing with him from time to time others who held the same religious views as himself and his brother, possibly persecuted

ones like themselves. Nor is it at all improbable that William Penn owed his first personal acquaintance with this part of the country to some such chance visit. He became known to Isaac Pennington in or about 1668, when he was twenty-four years of age, and then it was probably that he for the first time visited the village of Penn, but five or six miles away, walking by woodland paths or leafy lanes bordered by hedges of sweet wild roses and trailing clematis. The sight of the little village with its plain unobtrusive church of flint and brick, and its old manor-house (now very different from what it was in his days) could not fail to stir up mingled feelings in a breast so young as his and so full of deep and varied emotions.

In the church (as unpretentious within as without) he would see memorials of a

number of Penns—ancestors as they doubtless were—who had fought their fight and lived their lives according to such ideals as they had, and so passed into the void, leaving their little mementoes telling who they were and when their earthly span was run. They begin with the names of John Penn (d. 1597) and his wife Ursula, and end with that of Roger, who died unmarried in 1732, the estate then passing through his sister, the wife of Sir Nathaniel Curzon, to another family.

. In the year that has been mentioned as the one wherein he became acquainted with Isaac Pennington, Penn appeared as a preacher and an author, and on account of an essay entitled "The Sandy Foundation Shaken," he was imprisoned in the Tower, where he remained seven months. During this time he wrote his most celebrated

work, "No Cross, no Crown," as well as "Innocency with her Open Face." In 1670 his father died, leaving him his estates and all his property. The same year the meetings of Dissenters were forbidden and severe penalties prescribed for infractions of the law. The Quakers, however, continued to meet as usual, and Penn once more found himself in prison, passing six months in Newgate because he refused to take the oath at his trial. While in confinement he wrote "The Great Case of Liberty of Conscience," and other pamphlets, thus offsetting the curtailment of his bodily liberties by the greater enfranchisement of the spirit.

In such manner did the comedy of endeavouring to make Christians according to the will and measure of the bishops (the comedy so often played in England, and

so often turned into a farce) go on from year to year. The comedy (though it proved tragic enough in numbers of cases) appears to have done little to sadden or break the spirit of young Penn. The time not spent in prison, or engaged in the work of preaching, he seems at this period to have spent with his friends at Chalfont St. Peter, where from the first an attraction as great as that of religious fellowship—the presence of Gulielma Springett, the step-daughter of Isaac Pennington, whom Quaker Ellwood found “completely comely”—gave a touch of romance to a course of life that was apt to be prosy enough when not harrowed to the borders of tragedy by persecution. This dainty lady was so reserved, and yet so winsome in her maiden freshness, so meek, and yet so lofty in her patrician aloofness, that to the young

men who visited her step-father's house she appeared like a pure white lily curtsying to the uprising sun. To none, however, was she so gracious as to the high-spirited and greatly daring William Penn, "half martyr and half hero," as he has been described, "mingling the single-mindedness of the apostle with the practical energy of the man of affairs."

For him "she was reserved," as Ellwood puts it, and in the spring of 1672, after a time of wooing that had embraced many trials, the two were married in a farmhouse called King's, near Chorley Wood, on the borders of Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire, the first months of their wedded life being spent at Basing House, Rickmansworth, in the latter county. The little town is but three or three and a half miles from Chalfont, and busy though Penn was

for the next few years—preaching and proselytising for the most part—he and his young wife often found their way through the pretty country lanes to visit their friends at Chalfont and in the neighbourhood, possibly now and again to witness the earthly remains of a Friend who had gone to his or her rest being laid away in the little cemetery of Jordans, midway, as it were, between the two Chalfonts, and but recently set apart for its sacred purpose.

Jordans is one of the “show” places, if we may so use the term, of the Quakers. There lie some of their most honoured dead, William Penn, Thomas Ellwood, Isaac Pennington, Penn’s two wives (for after the death of Gulielma he married again), and several of his children. The burying ground, containing but a rood of earth, was purchased and consecrated to the peace of

death in 1671. Some years later (1688) additional land was obtained, and an unpretending little meeting-house (with caretaker's cottage) erected. It is a lonely spot—almost as lonely as when selected for its present purpose two centuries ago—situated at the west end of the parish of Chalfont St. Giles, at the point where it is joined by the lane from Chalfont St. Peters, and is so embowered with and shaded by stately trees, elms and beeches chiefly, with here and there an ash, that it gives one at first the impression of a lodge in a vast wilderness. You may chance upon it, let your wayfaring be in the spring-time, when the hedgerow psalm of praise is in the key of primrose and violet, or in the autumn, when upon the beechen woods has fallen the dream of peace, and their glow of colour is a promise of the year to



JORDANS MEETING HOUSE

come—you may chance upon the spot at such a time when hardly a sound is heard to break the stillness of the scene, save the twitter and call of birds, or the sound of a distant cart travelling the rutty lane. Or you may (as once happened to the writer) chance to time your visit to an early Thursday in June when the Friends of the district are holding their half-yearly meeting, in part for business, in part for praise, when you will likely enough see well on to a dozen vehicles, from open barouche to farmer's dog-cart, with one or two perhaps more humble still, that have brought worshippers from far and near. On the occasion in question a dramatic touch was given to the proceedings by a newspaper report that was handed to the chairman just as the meeting was about to close to the effect that in far-away Penn-

sylvania a project was afoot to purchase the remains of William Penn and carry them "over there." Whereupon with a whimsical smile the chairman put it to the assembly whether they would allow such a thing to take place, and with a quiet shake of the head everybody answered "No." There lay their honoured dead (they seemed to say), and there they must continue to lie—English dead in English earth, brooded over by the peace and silence of the beechen woods.* For that is the key-note of the place, if we may so put it—silence, peace, both so befitting a fellowship whose worship is silence, whose watchword is peace, and (may we not add?) whose principle of life is simplicity.

* American visitors to Jordans still from time to time give expression (one hears) to the desire of their countrymen to have Penn's remains transferred to the States.

Nothing simpler could mark the resting-place of one who fought the battle Strenuous for peace and good-will, who left a name and an influence on two continents, and whose life-work is still telling, his soul, as in the words of the song, still "marching on." There is no ambitious monument with artistic enrichment or lofty blazonry, simply a head-line with his name and the date of his death. His two wives, Gulielma and Hannah, lie by his side, while near by are the graves of Thomas Ellwood and Isaac Pennington, known to all who are acquainted with the early doings and sufferings of the Friends as two of the staunchest and most noteworthy of the followers of George Fox. The former, in his autobiography, tells how in 1670, after the passing of the Conventicle Act, a couple of informers made a plan to watch the meeting "then holden at the

house of William Russell, called Jourdans, in the parish of Giles Chalfont, the county of Bucks." The house here indicated, a small farmhouse, still stands in good repair on the hillside above the meeting-house, with its accompanying grave-yard, now no longer used for interments. Other farms, though not visible from the spot, are to be found within a short distance, but the knowledge of their existence seems to emphasise rather than diminish the impression of solitude that attaches to the place—a place dedicate, as we feel, to one of the strongest characters and most inspiring souls that ever sprang from English stock.

As already said, the meeting-house was not built until 1688. In an enclosure adjoining the burial-ground, it is a plain brick structure, with high-pitched roof, and appears as well preserved to-day as when

first put up over two centuries ago. It is now partially covered with creepers, and from the lane to Chalfont St. Peters, where is the entrance gate, has a pleasing if not very picturesque appearance. The door into the meeting-house faces the graveyard, and is overshadowed by a beautiful hornbeam tree.

The interior is quaintly simple in its fittings and furniture, being panelled with plain, unvarnished oak, and having high-backed benches of the same durable material, made, one fancies, to remind the worshipper that this was no place for lolling or inattention. At one end is a raised platform with a few seats, while at the opposite end, a little below the ceiling, is seen a row of movable panels, behind which is a small "secret" chamber. This, in the days of informers and persecution, was used by the

women folk. The little chamber is reached through the caretaker's portion of the premises (of whose *ménage* it forms an upper room), and as, when the panels were closed, there was nothing to indicate the presence of listeners behind them, the feminine portion of the congregation, in case of disturbance in the shape of informers or others, could either withdraw unobserved or lie concealed until the trouble was over. One can well understand that, on the merest hint that intruders were about, the sliding panels could be closed, and a mouse-like stillness observed.

This quaint arrangement to protect as far as might be the female portion of the congregation from possible annoyance or molestation gives a touch of the dramatic to this otherwise very drab and prosaic interior. How often were these sliding

panels quietly shut in this way on the appearance perhaps of some strange head in the place? How often did William Penn, how often Gulielma Springett, witness such intrusions? That plans were laid by informers in order to further persecution we know, but the demure old place holds its secrets well, saying nothing but to the imagination. What a reflection on man's inconceivable littleness it all is, and at the point too where, if anywhere, he should at least touch greatness!

There is, however, another place, besides those already mentioned, with which Penn, in his later years, was much identified. This was Warminghurst in Sussex, some four miles east by south of Pulborough, and about the same distance as the crow flies to the south-west of West Grinstead, beautifully situated in the weald of England's most

south-easterly county. Warminghurst was originally attached to the monastery of Sion, at Isleworth, Middlesex, but on the suppression of the religious houses it passed by grant into the possession of Edward Shelley, one of the four masters of the household to Henry VIII. (as also to Edward and Mary). Subsequently, after going through several hands, it became the property of Henry Bigland, from whom Penn is said to have purchased it in 1676. Another account, however, states that it came to him through his marriage with Gulielma Springett, whose early home had been at Ringmer (some twenty miles east of Warminghurst), where her father, Sir William Springett, had an estate.

Here the Penns lived for some years, and in a style consonant with their fortunes. In 1702, however, the place was sold to James

Butler, who rebuilt the old house and surrounded it with a park. A century later (1805) the estate came into the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, who pulled down the house and again turned the park into farmland. Hence nothing of the place remains as Penn knew it—save one thing, a small meeting-house, built by him at Coolham, not very far from where the Manor stood. It is constructed in the old-fashioned Sussex style of oak beams and posts filled in with brick, the timber having been derived, it is said, from one of Penn's ships, and bears the odd name of the Blue Idol. One of Penn's children lies buried in the little graveyard attached to the place, which is still used as a meeting-house.

At Warminghurst the beloved Gulielma died, and nothing was ever again there as it had been. As we know, her remains were

taken for burial under shadow of the Buckinghamshire beeches, where, as from the Sussex turf, at the first vernal yearnings, purple and saffron crocuses come forth with smiles, saying that nothing which goes down into the earth is dead.

It remains but to say that, though William Penn was buried at Jordans, his last days were spent, not amid the uplands and "bottoms" of Bucks, but at Ruscombe, a little way over the Berkshire border, where he died, after some years of failing health, in 1718. That in his final sleep he was pillowed upon Buckinghamshire earth no doubt arose from a wish on his part to be buried near his first wife, and in a spot which, from the time when he found his way to the Chalfonts and made the acquaintance of the Friends there, and particularly of Gulielma Springett, must have

been a place of very pleasant and very sacred memories.

Something has been said of the Penn monuments in the old church at Penn.* But there is one memorial there which was passed over. It is to the infant grandchild of William Penn, the son of Thomas Penn, of Stoke Park, Stoke Poges, in the grounds of which is still to be seen (or was until lately) a memorial of the founder of Pennsylvania's treaty with the Indians in the shape of a portion of the old elm-tree under which that famous document was signed. By this little memorial the two branches of the Penn family, that of Gloucestershire and that of

* It is on record that Thomas Penn had once the opportunity offered him of purchasing the Penn property in the old Bucks village, and he decided to do so, but in consequence of the delay occasioned by a servant forgetting to post a letter the chance was lost, and the estate passed into the hands of the Curzon family.

Bucks, are again, as it were, linked together in death, and the glory that was won by a son of the younger branch sheds its lustre at once over the old stock and the parent county, and the portion of which Jordans may be called the centre becomes in a broader and deeper sense the Penn country *par excellence*.

It is curious to note, while speaking of the Penns of Stoke Park, that it was John Penn of that ilk, the grandson of William Penn, who, out of pure admiration for the genius of the poet (whom it so inappropriately commemorates), raised the very unsightly, but still highly interesting monument to Gray in the field near the entrance to the churchyard whose "rugged elms" and "yew-tree's shade," with other details of its mournful suggestiveness, made so deep an impression on the mind of the melancholy-haunted man. The famed church-

yard is to-day so greatly changed from what it was in the elegist's time that one can only imagine that, could he revisit the scene, he would turn away with something of displeasure from its endless array of tasteless and toylike mementoes and adornments, which seem as though they would not leave nature alone to do as she liked with her own and heave "the turf in many a mouldering heap," as we find the simple undesecrated mounds at Jordans.

Mention has been made of Thomas Ellwood and his friendship with Milton. It was while the poet was at Chalfont St. Giles, in the "pretty box" which at his request the young Quaker had taken for him, that the latter suggested the writing of "Paradise Regained" as a necessary sequel to "Paradise Lost." The cottage is but two miles from Jordans.

CHAPTER XI

THE FOUNDER OF YALE COLLEGE

TO those who, sojourning in North Wales, pay a visit to the beautiful ruins of Valle Crucis Abbey, it is, so to speak, but a few steps further to view the house and the church, indeed the scene as a whole, associated with the family whose most notable descendant gave his name along with his benefactions to the famous Connecticut University which has sprung out of Yale College. To be particular, Bryn Eglwys, in which parish the manor-house of Plâs yn Yale is situate, lies about four miles north-east of Llan-santffraid, on the north bank of the Dee.

PLÄSVN-VÄLF MANOR HOUSE



It is on the high road to Wrexham, and may be reached either from Corwen or Llangollen. From the former place the way is the more direct. To drive or cycle from the latter place necessitates a longish detour, though there are paths across the hills, viâ Llantysilio and Bwlch y Garnedd, which, inviting to the sturdy and pedestrianly inclined, open up some delightful views, and thus repay a hundred-fold the fatigue of a few bits of rough road and one or two stiffish climbs. The way lies over the Llantysilio Mountain, and shows an ever-varying scene of hill and vale, woodland and heath, beautiful to behold in fine weather, especially towards the later equinox, when Nature spreads her broad palette with purples, and the rooks throw up their hearts if not their caps in the freshening wind. The climax of the trudge is reached when

Moel y Gamelin is seen on the right and Moel y Gaer on the left, with Moel Morfydd, the giant of these Llantysilio heights, further to the south-west.

The whole district is a little out of the common even for Denbighshire. It is placid and retired, one is apt to think it somewhat forgotten ; yet just as these hills and dales, with their various covering of grass, heath, or tree, are wrinkled and scarred by the hand of time and the elements, so one cannot dip down into the records of human life without finding that here too the ploughs and harrows of the spirit have been at work and have left their indelible mark.

The old manor-house of Plâs yn Yale (or Iâl, as it is written in Welsh) lies about two miles to the north-east of Bryn Eglwys. It is an unpretentious dwelling, of moderate

proportions, much decayed from what it formerly was, and showing, as all such buildings do, how different are our notions as to housing from what they were when our years of grace were written in sixteens and seventeens instead of eighteens and nineteens. Here Yales have lived for many generations, descendants presumably of the family of the same name who held the old lordship of Yale-in-Powys, which included a large domain in these parts. That they were a dominant race and occupied a position in the district equivalent to that of the English squire is shown by the fact that in the little church of Bryn Eglwys is a small transept known as the Yale Chapel. Here generation upon generation of Yales acknowledged the Ancient of Days and lifted their hearts and voices in His worship and praise.

Elihu Yale, the subject of this notice,

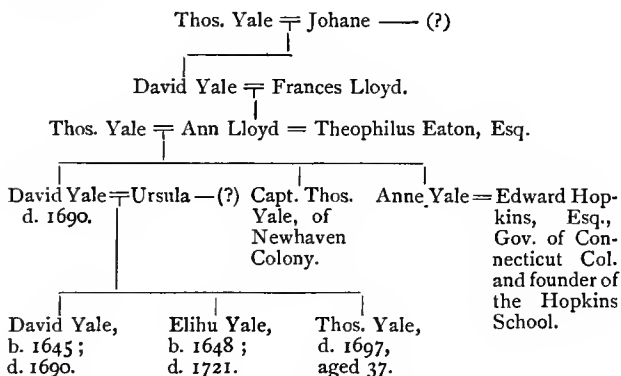
was born in or near Boston, Massachusetts, April 5th, 1648. He was the second son of David Yale, a member of the old Yale family of which we have been speaking, who emigrated with his step-father, Theophilus Eaton, to Newhaven, Connecticut, on the foundation of the colony there, but afterwards settled in Boston.

This David Yale, the father of Elihu, was the son of Thomas Yale, gentleman, who married Ann Lloyd, daughter of George Lloyd, Bishop of Chester, but, dying young, his widow took as her second husband Theophilus Eaton, Esq., of London, merchant, who was Governor of the Newhaven colony from 1639 until 1656.

Thomas Yale was the son of David Yale, vicar-general of the Right Rev. George Lloyd, Bishop of Chester, and died either in 1625 or 1626; and David Yale was

the son of Thomas Yale, LL.D., Chancellor to Mathew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury. His will, which was proved April 1st, 1578, leaves to his son David, who was co-executor with the widow, "his house in Yale," that is, the manor-house of Plâs-yn-Yale.

The following scheme shows the pedigree* in brief :



* Details of the pedigree, drawn up by C. H. Townshend, of Paynham, Newhaven, appeared in the "New England Hist. Genealogical Register" for January 1899.

David Yale returned to England and settled in London in 1652, when therefore his son Elihu was but a few years old. Of the education of the latter we know nothing; but when twenty-two years of age (about 1670) he went out to India in the service of the East India Company and remained there until 1699, filling various subordinate positions, but finally (1687) rising to be Governor of the Company's settlement at Fort St. George, Madras. Stories are on record of his high-handed doings while holding this post, but as the worst of them is of doubtful authenticity, and as moreover it was very much the custom of the Company's servants to act in those days in a high and haughty who-shall-question-me manner, too much perhaps need not be made of such dark cross-hatchings.

In the year 1692 Yale was deprived of the governorship, his engaging in private trade being deemed derogatory to one in his position. But for this, however, he would certainly not have finally retired with the considerable fortune he did. He returned to England in 1699, and became a governor of the famous old Company, the memory and romance of whose doings still hang about Leadenhall Street and the thoroughfares adjacent, and will talk to one in the quiet hours of the great and stirring days when men fought with a free right hand for themselves and with the left added islands and continents to the inheritance of the doted old mother at home.

There was undoubtedly something of what we call the "fine old style" about this Welsh gentleman with the high-handed ways, who

quarrelled with the Council at Madras and with the governors at home, who united merchant, adventurer, and official under one hat, made a notable fortune, and then scattered it with a wise and abundant liberality. The library of St. Paul's School contains a number of volumes that were a gift from him, and the fine old parish church of Wrexham, the largest town in the county of his forebears, was the recipient of many benefactions at his hands. Among his other gifts thereto is the altar-piece representing the institution of the Sacrament.

It may have been the repute of these or other beneficences that caused Cotton Mather to invite Elihu Yale to help the struggling Collegiate School of Connecticut, which was established first at Saybrook and afterwards removed to Newhaven, noted as

being the home of the famous University which sprang from that precarious beginning. Yale sent over a large quantity of books, pictures, and other effects, the sale of which realised a considerable sum, and in gratitude wherefor the trustees bestowed his name upon the new college. Afterwards, by the charter of 1745, the whole institution was named Yale University, and to-day alumni and all connected with the place proudly point to the full-length portrait of Elihu Yale by Enoch Zeeman (the gift of Dudley L. North), as their first and greatest benefactor.

Yale died in London on July 8th, 1721, and was buried on the 22nd of the same month in the churchyard at Wrexham, where his tomb (west of the tower), with its curious epitaph, is still to be seen. The latter reads as follows :

Born in America, in Europe bred,
In Afric travell'd, and in Asia wed ;

Where long he lived and thrived,

In London died.

Much good, some ill, he did, so hope all's even,
And that his soul through mercy's gone to heaven.

You that survive and read this tale, take care

For this most certain exit to prepare,

When, blest in peace, the actions of the just

Smell sweet and blossom in the dust !

The tomb was in 1870, and again in 1895, restored and newly inscribed by the Corporation of Yale College, "in grateful remembrance of his timely aid in money and other values." Besides this monument to Elihu Yale in the churchyard, the chancel of St. Giles contains tablets to members of the Yale family, which, as already said, was one of some consideration in this part of Wales. These include brasses to Elihu's father (died 1690) and to his brother David

(died 1693). Not far from Wrexham was a property known as Plâs Grono, which came to Elihu from his brother Thomas, who inherited it from his eldest brother David, who lies buried in Wrexham Church.

Thomas Yale was an East India merchant, who died in October, 1697, leaving his estate "to the heir male lawfully begotten of my brother Elihu Yale, and to be annexed to the hereditary estate in Denbighshire, Wales, for the use of such heir for ever, and in fault of such heir then to the use and behoof of the heir male of my uncle Thomas Yale in New England, and his right heir for ever."

The "hereditary estate" to which the property of Thomas Yale was to be annexed was of course Plâs-yn-Yale. Plâs Grono may have been an acquisition through marriage. Elihu Yale resided in the old house

after his return to England, and doubtless often did the honours there of the shrievalty of Denbighshire, which he held for some time. The old mansion has now disappeared, its site being occupied by a farmhouse, though the old enclosed garden still remains.

As regards Yale's being "wed" in Asia, it should be said that he married Catherine Hymners, widow of his predecessor in the governorship of Fort St. George, by whom he had one son and three daughters. The son, David Yale, died in Madras. His eldest daughter, Ursula, never married. Anne, the second, married Lord James Cavendish, and the youngest, Katherine, Dudley North, Esq., whose great-grandson, the last descendant of Elihu Yale, was Dudley Long, who took the name of North and died in 1829. He it was who (in 1789)

presented to Yale College the portrait of his great-grandfather, by Zeeman, a Dutch artist resident in England, by whom the one-time governor of Fort St. George was painted in 1717.

It is not a far cry from Plâs-yn-Yale to the charming village of Gresford, on the Alun, a tributary of the Dee, three miles north of Wrexham, and a well-known resort of anglers. As such it was known to Washington Irving, who, though no disciple, was a warm lover of Izaak Walton in his literary and philosophical aspect, and who, though he did not care to fish, had a keen appreciation of such streams as the Alun and the sylvan beauty amid which they meander. Hence his stay at Gresford, what time he was making those quiet studies of his for the "Sketch Book,"

and in especial for that delightful picture of rural and contemplative life, "The Angler." The way in which he depicts the scene shows how fully he enjoyed it. "The country around" (he says) "was of that pastoral kind which Walton is fond of describing. It was a part of the great plain of Cheshire, close by the beautiful vale of Gresford,* and just where the inferior Welsh hills begin to swell up from among the fresh-smelling meadows. The day, too, like that recorded in his book, was mild and sunshiny, with now and then a soft-dropping shower that sowed the whole earth with diamonds." Who that has sojourned in Wales but knows that diamond-strewn weather?

"It is delightful" (he continues) "to saunter

* In the "Sketch Book" it is generally written "Gessford," but this is a mistake.

along those limpid streams which wander, like veins of silver, through the bosom of this beautiful country ; leading one through a diversity of small home scenery ; sometimes winding through ornamental grounds ; sometimes brimming along through rich pasturage, whose fresh green is mingled with sweet-smelling flowers ; sometimes venturing in sight of villages and hamlets, and then running capriciously away into shady retirement. The sweetness and serenity of nature, and the quiet watchfulness of the sport, gradually bring on pleasant fits of musing, which are now and then agreeably interrupted by the song of a bird, the distant whistle of a peasant, or perhaps the vagary of some fish, leaping out of the still water and skimming transiently above its glossy surface."

Such is the introduction to "a morning

stroll along the banks of the Alun " which leads to the "counterfeit presentment" of that almost unique figure the angler, "an old fellow with a wooden leg, with clothes very worn but very carefully patched, betokening poverty, honestly come by and decently maintained," whose "face bore the marks of former storms, but present fair weather." A delightful story, which any one loving the quiet hills and pastoral scenes and what they tend to produce in our human kind, may turn to and peruse for the twentieth time with ever-fresh enjoyment.

CHAPTER XII

THE FOUNDER OF HARVARD COLLEGE

IT is not a little singular to relate that America's two foremost teaching institutions were founded and largely endowed by Englishmen, John Harvard and Elihu Yale, the former a native of Southwark, the latter the son of a Welsh mother who emigrated with her second husband early in the seventeenth century.

John Harvard was the son of a butcher of Southwark, Robert Harvard by name, who lived and carried on his business in the middle of the present High Street, near the ancient collegiate and priory church of St. Saviour (St. Mary Overy), now the Cathedral of Southwark. Canon Thompson,

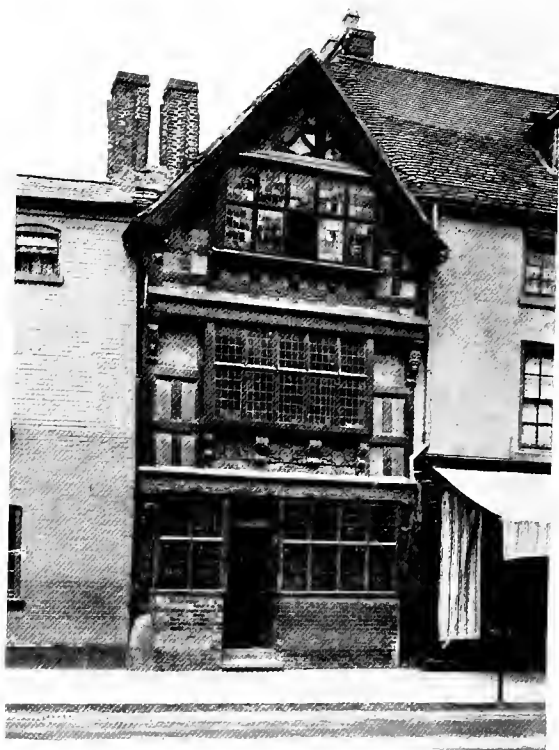
in his history of the church, states that the house was directly east of the Lady Chapel, and adds that the old "Token Books" still in existence indicate its number and location in the ancient maps. These tokens, a record of which was kept in the said books, were small circular pieces of lead, having some characteristic device, which were distributed by the churchwardens to parishioners above the age of fifteen or sixteen as summons to attend Holy Communion. They were given up to the officers of the church when the rite had been duly honoured, and when the fact had been registered went back in due course each to its allotted parishioner, so that none might shirk their religious duty without being found out. It was a queer system, and no doubt had its weight in causing the revulsion that in the coming

time was to send so many like the Harvards and others over the water to freer views and larger ways.

The Harvards seem to have been a respectable and thrifty family long and honourably connected with the borough of Southwark, although, in accordance with the faulty custom of spelling of that day, the name appears indifferently as Harvyne, Harverd, Harvard, and even Harwood, not only in the vestry books of the time, but in wills and other legal documents. It was this divers spelling of the name which stood for some time in the way of a satisfactory elucidation of the origin and pedigree of the founder of Harvard University. But the difficulty was in the long run overcome by the patience and skill of Mr. Henry F. Waters, whose admirable genealogical investigations into the Harvard as into the

Washington pedigree are a model of scientific research. Through the most crabbed and intricate legal documents and entries in parish and other registers of the most puzzling description, he traces with most convincing certitude the origin, birth, and career of the subject of his inquiries. For instance, a son of Robert Harvard by his first wife is entered in the baptismal register of St. Saviour's as Robert *Harverd*, and the same in the register of burials as Robert *Hervey*, while the mother of the child is buried as Barbara *Harwood*. And John's father appears in the church burial register as "Mr. Robert Harvey, a man, in the church" (August 24th, 1625).

To the late Dr. Rendle, the author of "Old Southwark," is due the credit of being the first to point out the possible connection of John Harvard with the parish of St.



HARVARD HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Saviour's, Southwark, of which his father was a vestryman, although he did little more than set afloat a likely and alluring conjecture. The conjecture, however, was soon made a certainty, so that we are now made fully cognisant of the position and pedigree of the family. Robert, the "botcher," as we find him described, went in 1605 to Stratford-on-Avon, and there, from her father's house in the High Street, married Katharine Rogers, his second wife. Her father, Thomas Rogers, was an alderman of Stratford. The house which he built for himself in his prosperity is still in existence and in good preservation, "one of the oldest and certainly the best remaining example of ancient domestic architecture in Stratford." The front is richly adorned with carvings, and has projecting windows resting upon corbels, some of which show

quaintly sculptured heads. Beneath the broad window of the second story appear the characters :

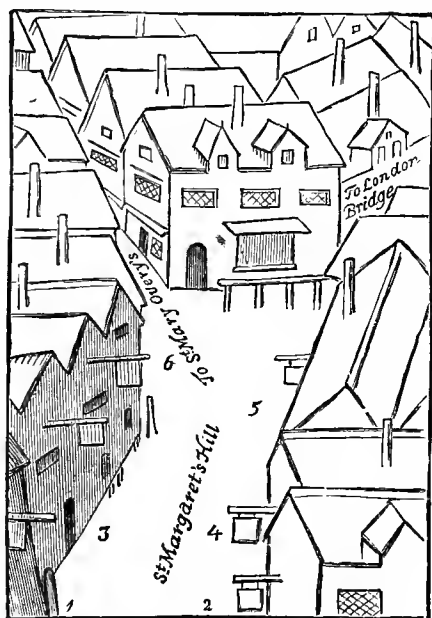
T R 1596 A R

In this house Katharine Rogers lived from the above date until her marriage to Robert Harvard in 1605, when the scene of her life was changed to the Southwark High Street, where, in 1607, her son John was born, being baptized at St. Saviour's on November 29th in that year.

Here in all probability the boy continued to live, attending, no doubt, the Blue Coat or some other neighbouring school until, in consequence of the plague of 1625 (which made sad ravages in the family), his mother quitted the old house in Southwark, and is found soon after living near Tower Hill with a new husband.

To this new house John Harvard migrated

with his mother, and from thence in 1627 he went to Emmanuel College, Cambridge.



PART OF MEDÆVAL SOUTHWARK.

The entry in the college register is as follows :

“ John Harverd Midlsex : Decemb. 19,
1627—o. 10. o.”

which is the acknowledgment of his fee of 10s. for admission. The "Middlesex" for some time baffled and bothered Mr. Waters, the genealogical pathfinder, until he made the discovery of the re-marriage of Mrs. Harvard and her removal to a new parish and a new county. Subsequently the good woman, having lost her second husband, returns to Southwark, weds Richard Yearwood, intimate and friend of her first husband, Robert Harvard, and spends the remainder of her days in a house within a few doors of the old home in High Street.

Her son John was at this time at Cambridge. Here he remained, no doubt a diligent student, for eight years, taking his B.A. degree in 1631, and his M.A. in 1635. The same year his mother, who survives her third spouse, makes her will, as Katharine Yarwood, in favour of John and

Thomas Harvard, sons of her first husband, and her only remaining children. In this covenant she describes the first-named as "my eldest son John Harvard, clarke" (*i.e.* scholar).

Two years later, by which time he had married Ann, the daughter of the Rev. John Sadler, a Sussex clergyman, the scholar, accompanied by his wife, took leave of the old home and went to live in New England, barely twenty years, that is, after the first Pilgrims had set up their first tabernacle in the wilderness there, and was appointed minister to the first church in Charlestown.

In the year previous to that of his arrival the New England colonists had started a project for the establishment of a college for the education of English and Indian youth in "knowledge and godliness." No

sooner did Harvard hear of this scheme than it called forth his warmest sympathy, a sympathy, too, that was of so practical a nature that he bequeathed to it half his fortune, amounting to nearly £800, a much larger sum in his day than it appears to us. In addition thereto he gave his library, consisting of 320 volumes. Such a gift practically set the project on its feet. Newtown was chosen as the site of the institution, but in recognition of Harvard's beneficence it was resolved to change the name of the place to Cambridge, as a tribute of respect to the University which had nurtured so worthy a son, and to call their humble seminary, after the name of its chief founder, "Harvard College." Whether Harvard lived to see the school opened we do not know, as in the year following that of his arrival he died of consumption,

leaving no posterity, and, strange to say, the place of his burial is unknown.

Such is the story of the founder of America's premier institution of learning, but, like many another exemplifying a similar spirit, it has a sequel. For upwards of two centuries nothing was known as to Harvard's ancestry or place of birth. Then, as we have seen, the discovery of his connection with Southwark was made, and not only with Southwark, but with what is now the cathedral church of the diocese, and Mr. Henry F. Waters, to whom is due the credit of unravelling the tangled skein of evidence and proof, wrote after one of his visits to St. Saviour's :

“As I passed through this venerable edifice I noticed that the great window of the south transept was of plain glass, as if Providence had designed that some day

the sons of Harvard should place there a worthy memorial of one who is so well entitled to their veneration."

The challenge was not taken up until the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, at the time American Ambassador to England, himself a graduate of Harvard, on looking over the church, with its wonderful array of monuments and memorials to great and noteworthy men, was seized with the desire to add one more to the number in the shape of a memorial window, as suggested by Mr. Waters, to the venerated founder of the American Cambridge. Naturally the offer was gratefully accepted by the rector, and in due course a beautiful stained-glass window, the work of Mr. J. La Farge of New York, was placed *in situ* at the east end (west side) of the Chapel of St. John the Divine, later, as we shall see,



HARVARD MEMORIAL CHAPEL AND WINDOW

to be known as the Harvard Memorial Chapel.

The main subject of the window depicts the baptism of Christ (in allusion of course to the christening of John Harvard in the church). This scene occupies the lower central panel, and has two angels in attendance, one on either hand. A panel of old stained glass, a remnant from a former painted window, occupies the middle centre, and is flanked on each side respectively by the arms of Harvard University and Emmanuel College, Cambridge, the former on the right, the latter on the left. The whole makes a very striking contrast to the other stained-glass windows in the church, chiefly from the fact that the leading follows the folds of the drapery and the shaded lines of the figures, thus doing away with the breaking up of the

picture into a multiplicity of rectangular spaces.

This noble memorial was formally unveiled by Mr. Choate just before his departure from England in May, 1905, in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Rochester (Bishop-Elect of the diocese), Canon Thompson (the rector), Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, the Rev. A. T. Chapman, of Emmanuel College, and others. After drawing aside the American flag which covered the window, Mr. Choate said it was nearly three centuries since John Harvard, whose father lived close to the end of London Bridge, was baptized in that venerable church. Educated in Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he spent eight years, during at least four of which Milton was at Christ's, he and Milton must have received substantially the

same nurture and discipline, and must often have been thrown together. At any rate, he imbibed something of the same spirit as Milton, for his contemporaries spoke of him as a scholar and pious in his life. Seeking larger freedom of thought than could be found in the freedom of that day, he made his way to Massachusetts, and there, within two years of his arrival, he died prematurely, as it then seemed, but in the fulness and perfection of time as was now manifest ; for, finding the infant colony struggling for means to establish a college in the wilderness, in the first decade of their settlement, he bequeathed to its foundation his library and half his considerable fortune, and, what was better still, his name, which has now become so illustrious.

The colonial record (Mr. Choate continued) was quaint and touching : “ After God had

carried us safe to New England and we had builded our home, provided necessities for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God's worship, and settled the civic government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to our churches when our present ministers shall lie in the dust. And as we were thinking and consulting how to effect this great work, it pleased God to stir up the heart of one Mr. Harvard (a godly gentleman and lover of learning then living among us) to give the one half of his estate (it being in all about £1,900) towards the erecting of a college, and all his library. After him another gave £300, others after him sent in more, and the public hand of the State added the rest. The college

was by public consent appointed to be at Cambridge, a place very pleasant and accommodate, and called according to the name of the first founder Harvard College."

Speaking of the arms adopted by the college (possibly suggested by Harvard), Mr. Choate said: "It assumed in its coat of arms, as you will see in the window, a double motto, *Veritas*, truth—a word broad enough to embrace all knowledge, human and divine—and, what meant the same thing, *Christo et Ecclesiæ*, for Christ and his Church, that the supply of godly ministers might never fail. And now, after the lapse of three centuries, the little college in the pathless wilderness has become a great and splendid university, strong in prestige and renown, rich in endowments, and richer still in the pious loyalty of its

sons, who supply all its wants upon demand with liberal hand. It is not unworthy to be compared with Oxford and Cambridge, those ancient nurseries of learning from which it drew its first life. And the name of John Harvard shares the fame which mankind accords to the founders of states. And if you ask if she is still true to her ancient watchword *Veritas* and *Christo et Ecclesiæ*, I can answer that, in our time, in a single quarter of a century, she has sent forth Phillips Brooks to be a pillar of Christ and the Church, and Theodore Roosevelt to be a champion of the truth, and a thousand more who, in humble spheres, follow in their footsteps and share their faith and their hope. Thus the name of John Harvard, unknown and of little account when he left England, has been a benediction to the New World, and his

timely and generous act has borne fruit a millionfold."

It is a striking confirmation of Mr. Choate's eulogy of the sons of Harvard that they should so soon have followed up his noble gift by generously providing the means for restoring the ancient Chapel of St. John the Divine, and thus making it, as it is henceforth to be called, a Harvard Memorial Chapel. The work of restoration was completed within two years of the unveiling of the memorial window, and in time to be dedicated, in a sense, as a tercentennial offering to the spirit of him who was baptized here on almost the last day of November, 1607—a spirit larger than the church (in his day) wherein he was brought up, and which has manifested itself in so many splendid efforts in the land in which he elected to end his earthly course.

Mr. Choate, in laying his wreath upon the Harvard shrine, expressed the hope that it would long remain for Americans a place of pilgrimage to remind them "where one of their proudest institutions had its origin"; and if we may judge from the number of "Pilgrim" names that crowd the visitors' book, his desire bids fair to be abundantly gratified. Those who do thus visit the old fane, some parts of which date back four or five hundred years before Harvard was christened there, will find a great many other objects and memorials to awaken their interest and call forth their admiration, because they tend to show how inseparable are English and Americans "in history and destiny." It may be that the tomb of the great and learned Bishop Andrews will not stand for much to all who enter the sacred precincts, but none can fail to be interested

in his monument, and especially in the effigy of him moulded by the Dutch sculptor Janssen, the same who fashioned the Stratford bust of Shakespeare (as any one who sees the two will readily detect). But even more than this, at least to those who have become imbued with a deep sense of the noble heritage we all enjoy in the literature which our forefathers have handed down to us, will be the interest awakened by the simple names of Edmund Shakespeare (brother of the poet), John Fletcher, and Philip Massinger, all of whom were buried in St. Saviour's. On the two latter Sir Aston Cockayne (1608—1684) wrote the epitaph :

In the same grave was Fletcher buried, here
Lies the stage poet, Philip Massinger ;
Plays they did write together, were good friends,
And now the grave includes them in their ends.

The epitaph, however, does not appear upon their graves, nothing indeed but their names ; the same is true as regards Edmund Shakespeare, whose name is shown in the ancient church register, followed by the words "a player." Little is known of him beyond the fact that he came to Southwark to try his fortune as an actor, and died in his twenty-seventh year. He is but one of many actors who were associated with the old church, in death if not in life. The close proximity of Bankside and the "Globe" Theatre, as well as the "Rose" and the "Hope," will account for the fact. The church books contain many references to players and their families, especially as regards baptisms and burials. It would probably be hard to find another church having so many links with literature and the stage, certainly in England. Among

the most notable of the players thus connected with the place was Edward Alleyn (1566—1626), who lived for a time a little west of the cathedral (“hard by the clynke by the bank side, neere Wynchester-house”), and was churchwarden of St. Saviour’s in 1610. To him Dulwich owes the magnificent foundation of the “College of God’s Gift,” an institution that has been a blessing to thousands of boys. Fuller (in his “Worthies”) says of him: “Thus he, who out-acted others in his life, out-did himself before his death.” And the authorities of the church which he attended have, out of regard for the honour he did alike to himself and the parish in which he lived, erected a pictured window in his honour—one of five that have been devoted to the perpetual memory of distinguished parishioners, the other four being Shakespeare, Massinger,

Fletcher, and Beaumont, the last two intimate friends and close collaborators in their plays, occupying the same rooms in the parish, having (as we are told by Aubrey) "the same cloathes and cloake betweene them," and being :

In fame as well as writings, both so knit,
That no man knows where to divide your wit.

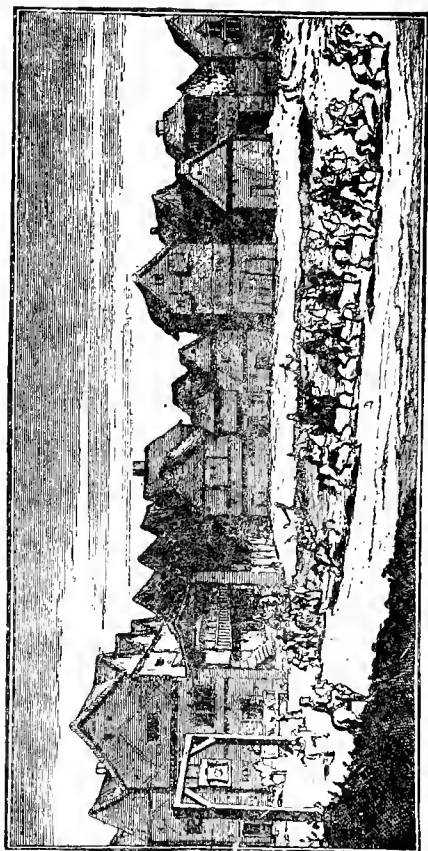
Two other men, notable in their day as being connected with the theatrical profession, likewise found fitting rest in the church. These are Richard Benefield, whose memorial, with its quaint and somewhat fulsome Latin epitaph, may be seen in the south transept; and Philip Henslowe, a vestryman and churchwarden, whose remains were deposited in the "Channcell" (January 10th, 1615). Henslowe was a noted theatrical manager, and did a good deal in the way of buying plays and interludes, likewise

patronising and assisting dramatists. His stepdaughter became the wife of Edward Alleyn.

He had as neighbour in the chancel the renowned Sir Edward Dyer,* poet, and the intimate friend of Sir Philip Sidney, whose tomb is in the chancel. Gower, one of the fountain-heads of English poetry, and Chaucer's "master," already has a sufficient memorial. Here he too lies buried, his tomb being in the north aisle of the nave. It is a beautiful piece of work in the Perpendicular style, and consists of a canopy of three arches, with cinquefoil tracery, supported on either side by angular buttresses, surmounted by carved pinnacles. His effigy shows him with his hands put

* Who does not remember his delightful poem on "Contentment" beginning—

My mind to me a kingdom is?



STARTING ON THE PILGRIMAGE TO CANTERBURY.

together and raised in prayer; round his brow is a chaplet of roses, and at his feet a lion couchant. Altogether it is one of the most notable monuments to a man of his calling of the period in which he lived, and is one of the gems of old St. Mary Overy. It is quite in keeping too with the place that there should be a memorial (unveiled in October 1900) to Geoffrey Chaucer, who must have known the church as well as he knew the near-lying "Tabard," whence he sent his Pilgrims on that immortal journey of theirs to Canterbury, which all the cultured of English speech have read with such unfeigned delight.

Another memorial which will have exceptional interest to Americans is that to one William Emerson in the south transept. It shows a strangely emaciated effigy with the inscription :

Here under lyeth the body of William Emerson, who lived and died an honest man. He departed out of this life the 27th of June, Anno 1575, in the year of his age 92.—VT SVM SIC ERIS.

This William had a grandson, Thomas Emerson, who left substantial benefactions (1620) to the poor of the parish, which are still the occasion of blessings being bestowed upon his long-passed spirit. It is conjectured by some that the late Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord, Massachusetts, may have been a descendant of this worthy Southwark family. It may be that he was. According to the records, Emerson's first ancestor in New England was one Thomas Emerson, of Ipswich, Massachusetts, baker and farmer, known to have been of that township as early as 1638. This worthy was supposed to have belonged to a younger branch of the family of Ralph Emerson, of

Durham, who in 1535 was ennobled by Henry VIII., and received by grant the heraldic arms which have been used since 1640 by the descendants of Thomas Emerson, of Ipswich.

This Thomas had two sons, both of whom became ministers, and after them the ministerial profession ran almost continuously in the family down to Ralph Waldo's time, when preaching had run in the blood for nearly one hundred years.

Ralph Waldo Emerson traced his descent from the Rev. Joseph Emerson, of Meudon, who married at Concord (1665) Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Edward Bulkley, D.D., who was rector of the little parish of Odell, or Woodhill, in Bedfordshire, from 1588 to 1620, and who, by reason of Laud's persecutions, was compelled to take refuge in Massachusetts, where he settled first at

Cambridge (1634) and then at Concord, dying at the latter place in 1659.

Much has been made of Shakespeare's connection with the parish ; and it has been surmised that John Harvard may, as a boy, have heard the voice and been dandled upon the knee of "sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child," who, as we know, did not retire from the stage until 1613, when the Globe Theatre (so near the Southwark butcher's home and place of business) was burnt down, and was back again in the following year, when it was rebuilt. Though this is not improbable, seeing that Robert Harvard must have known Alleyn, Henslowe, and Benefield, who, like himself, were vestrymen, and doubtless intimately well acquainted with the poet, yet it is very easy to make too much of possibilities like these. A more probable speculation is that

John Harvard's mother, being a native of Stratford-on-Avon, and having in her girlhood days been a near neighbour of Thomas Quiney, who married the dramatist's daughter Judith, may have known and been known to his family. Nor is it at all unlikely that the acquaintance continued after her removal to London, to a house so near the centre around which his life and activities had, as it were, revolved during some of the busiest and most important years of his life. All this is possible, we might even say more than probable ; for neighbourliness in those days was a warmer quality, and a more potent begetter of kindness and friendship, than in these later times of chilly stand-offishness and reserve. But still we do not know. What we do know—or, at least, seem to feel—is that after John Harvard had seen his name inscribed on the register

of Emmanuel College, everything changed to him, his mind gradually finding its way into a world altogether different from that in which his childhood and youth had been brought up, redolent of the stage and of the seamy side of things of which the stage, then as now, in spite of the splendours and glories that hovered about it, was so largely made up. Nothing can be more certain than that, otherwise there would have been no going away with a young wife to that wilderness across the sea, where he so soon ended his brief though beneficent career, leaving "footsteps on the sands of time" that only the decay of a civilisation can wholly obliterate.

To those knowing their Stratford-on-Avon, as our American friends generally do, there are other shrines in which the pilgrim will

be specially interested besides the Harvard House. Not to mention the Memorial Fountain, presented to the town by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and dedicated to public use by Sir Henry Irving in 1887, there is the beautiful window in the south transept of "Shakespeare's Church," another gift from America, unveiled by the Hon. T. F. Bayard, United States Ambassador, on the poet's birthday in 1896. The sentimental traveller, too, will want to see the inn "parlour"—delightful old word!—associated with the visit of Washington Irving to Stratford. The inn is the "Red Horse" in the Market Place, and the room with memories of the genial essayist is the front room to the left on entering the gateway of the old hostel. "To a homeless man," writes the much-travelled man, "who has no spot in this wide world which he can

truly call his own, there is a feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into his slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may ; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The armchair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the inn parlour, some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire."

CHAPTER XIII

OTHER MEMORIALS AND SHRINES IN AND NEAR LONDON

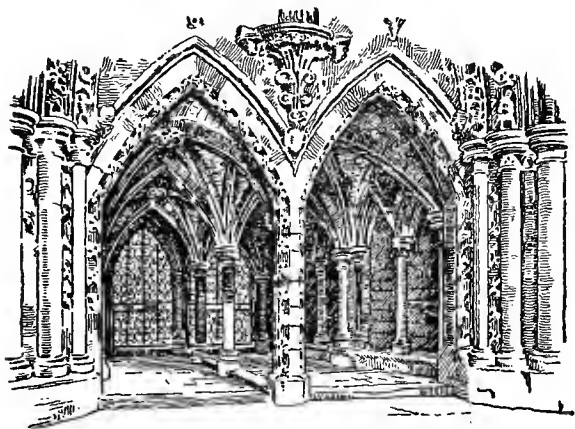
LONDON has a number of memorials specially interesting to American pilgrims, as well as to Englishmen, besides that enshrined in the cathedral church of Southwark. Westminster Abbey contains, too, a bust in affectionate memory of the poet Longfellow, whose simple thoughts and homely verse won for themselves a niche in thousands of English hearts long ere the thought arose to honour him with a place by the side of our own most admired singers. The well-known face fronts one on approach-

ing Poet's Corner from the nave. Beneath it is the inscription : " This bust was placed amongst the memorials of poets of England by English admirers." He is well at home in the high company he there keeps ; and amid the throng of those who, reposing thus after their tides have run out, one could imagine some of them turning in their sleep with a smile and a sigh as they hear those fine lines of his, murmured perchance in reminiscence by some one as he passes by :

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
 And the sea-tides tossing free ;
 And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
 And the magic of the sea.

His compatriot poet, James Russell Lowell, one-time American Minister to the Court of St. James (1880-85)—he too finds an equally honoured place in our English Valhalla,

accorded him because, though American to the core, he was a friend to international friendship, a lover of amity and the common literature that carries within it the seeds



ENTRANCE TO CHAPTER HOUSE

of a comity, of individuals as well as of nations, which transcends all dynasties and policies, and will make the world one and great when humanity will.

Lowell's memorial takes the form of a

coloured window and tablet in the vestibule to the old Chapter House. The inscription says : " This tablet and the window above were placed here in memory of William Russell Lowell when United States Minister to the Court of St. James, from 1880 to 1885 by his English friends." Beneath the inscription is the word " Veritas," which ever appeared to those who knew him best to stamp Lowell's highest wish and aim. The thought in all its breadth and fulness is enshrined in the lines :

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to
decide,
In the strife of Truth and Falsehood, for the good or
evil side ;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each
the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep
upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness
and that light.

Lowell was a worthy descendant of his Puritan forefathers, and showed the ingrained devotion to liberty of his race by his earnest endeavours in the cause of negro emancipation, which find expression in the nineteenth-century panel of the memorial stained-glass, a natural sequence to that of the seventeenth, which we may take to symbolise the sturdy Nonconformity of his Bristolian ancestors.

For the Rev. Charles Lowell, James Russell's father, was the seventh in descent from Percival Lowell, a well-to-do Bristol merchant, who, with his children and grandchildren, left England in 1639 and settled in Newbury, Massachusetts. The poet's mother was Harriet Spence, daughter of Mary Traill, who was the daughter of Robert Traill, of Orkney. This Traill family is the same as that of which Minna

Troil of Scott's novel "The Pirate" was a member.

The Lowells of Bristol, it is interesting to note, came originally from Broadway, in Worcestershire, a typical Cotswold village, six miles south-east of Evesham, presenting substantial Tudor and Jacobean houses well worthy of the praise that has been bestowed upon them. Among the most notable is the Lygon Arms, situated at the lower end of the village. It is built of the grey stone of the district, and with its pointed gables, mullioned windows, and fine carved doorway, tells an interesting story of the taste of its age and founders. Nor does the inside belie the exterior. There are many corridors, leading by stout oaken doors to roomier apartments, some finely panelled, others having moulded ceilings and carved stone

fireplaces. A feature of the interior is the wide oak staircase with deep-set window on the first landing. The house has traditions of both Charles I. and Cromwell, the first-named having, it is said, stayed in the house several times, while one of the oak-panelled rooms is still called after his enemy the Protector.

Further up the village is seen Tudor House, also of grey stone, with ball-surmounted gable-ends and bay-windows; enriched too with finely carved heraldic shields. Equally noteworthy is the house of Mr. F. D. Millet, the well-known American artist, who has acquired the place and taken up his abode there. It was formerly the manor-house of the Abbot of Pershore, and has portions dating back to the time of Edward III. A quaint and deeply interesting structure, full of

old-time "notions," if one may so name them, calculated to carry the mind back to an age when life was less complex than it is to-day, and yet, and for that very reason perhaps, more wonderful and picturesque. The place, with its associations with historic Evesham and its interesting Bell Tower, as well as with Pershore Abbey, is one specially beloved of Americans.

But to return to the Abbey of Westminster, there is another modest memorial there which the cultured American will not willingly pass by. It is to a scholar and antiquary whose name and labours have been more than once quoted in the foregoing pages, and may be found in the south aisle beneath the mural monument to Isaac Watts. On a simple tablet is the inscription :



PERSHORE ABBEY AND BRIDGE

COLONEL JOSEPH LEMUEL CHESTER,
LL.D. OF CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE, NEW YORK CITY,
ALSO D.C.L. OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD,
BORN 30TH APRIL, 1821, AT NORWICH,
CONNECTICUT, U.S.A.,
DIED 25TH MAY, 1882, IN LONDON,
WHERE HE HAD RESIDED FOR MANY YEARS.

THE LEARNED EDITOR OF
"THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY REGISTER,"
IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF THE DISTINGUISHED
LABOUR OF AN AMERICAN MASTER
OF ENGLISH GENEALOGICAL LEARNING,
THIS TABLET WAS ERECTED
BY THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER.

Nor should one forget, while speaking of Westminster Abbey, that Richard Hakluyt, whose book, preserving all that was memorable in the early voyages to America, did so much to make the country known—that he, too, has his memorial here. He lies buried in Poet's Corner. He was a Westminster boy, became Prebendary of St. Augustine's, Bristol, whence the Cabots,

the Gosnolds, and so many others sailed to the Western World in those days ; and on his death was held worthy of a place with England's best and noblest. Some, too, may deem the monument to that unhappy victim of a fratricidal war, Major André, worthy of a passing thought and a sigh.

Under the shadow of the Abbey stands St. Margaret's Church, with which is associated another name dear to Americans (as to Englishmen), although he never set foot on any part of the northern half of the Western Continent. For here, in the chancel, were buried the remains of Sir Walter Raleigh (or Raleigh), and here a memorial window to him was placed by American citizens in 1882, with an inscription by James Russell Lowell. It is as follows :

The New World's sons from England's breast we drew
 Such milk as bids remember whence we came ;
 Proud of her Past, from which her Present grew ;
 This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name.

Fitly was the memorial with its inscription so placed ; for, as has been well observed, it was due to Raleigh's initiative that the first attempts were made "to found a new and greater England beyond the seas." Great was the time and much the money he spent in his various efforts to found a colony in Virginia—abortive, we must think, in the main, because he was not allowed to conduct them in person, so well did the Virgin Queen like to have his fine figure and handsome face about her Court.

Needless here to recount his story. It is one of the most romantic of those stirring and romantic days ; one of the most unfor-

tunate too, ringing, as it does, the changes between Court favourite under Elizabeth and prison and the block under James. And yet what does it matter? Full enough was his life between the days when, as a boy, he roamed and played on the banks of the Otter, or talked with the sailormen on the beach at Budleigh Salterton, Devon, imbibing from their lips the secret and mystery of the sea, and the day when, largely through the itch and impulse thus communicated to his blood, never to be eradicated, he was brought to the axe in Palace Yard, confident that it did not signify in what direction his head was turned so long as his heart was right. First seeing the light at Hays, or Hays Barton, close to East Budleigh, on the Otter, and within sound and almost within sight of the sea at Budleigh Salterton (one and a half miles

south by west of Exmouth), Raleigh may be said, like so many famous Devonians, to have been born with the salt water in his heart. His father, originally of Fardell, near Plymouth, rented an estate at Hays about 1550, a year or two before Sir Walter's birth, and there his splendid youth was spent. In later years, when at the top of his luck, Sherborne Castle was one of his places of abode ; but we may be sure that he was never so happy anywhere as on the banks of the Otter, unless it were when—the maker of his fortunes being dead, and a raw Stuart in the place of the generous Tudor—he could, as he lay in the upper story of the Bloody Tower, on Tower Hill, calmly review the backward scene and, putting it against the forward, accept with pleased content the happy requital. Anyway, there with his wife and

son he spent many a peaceful day ere the tragic end came.

About midway between Westminster Abbey and the cathedral church of Southwark, leading up from the river to the Strand by Trafalgar Square, is Craven Street, where may be seen, on the left hand going up, the house in which Benjamin Franklin lived during his second visit to London. A commemorative tablet, let into the wall by the Society of Arts, notifies the fact as one that posterity should not forget. Here it was that Lord Chatham called upon him in 1758 with a view to getting his views upon the all-important subjects that were beginning to cause trouble between the Colonies and the Mother Country. From hence it was, too, that the famous man wrote (in 1760) a peculiarly interesting letter to Lord Kames

relative to the portrait of William Penn, which his lordship had offered him. "Were it certainly his portrait," he wrote, "it would be too valuable a curiosity for me to think of accepting it. I should only desire the favour of leave to take a copy of it. I could wish to know the history of the picture before it came into your hands, and the grounds of supposing it his. I have at present grave doubt about it; first, because the primitive Quakers declared against pictures as a vain expense; a man's suffering his portrait to be taken was conceived as pride; and I think to this day it is very little practised among them. Then it is on a board; and I imagine the practice of painting on boards did not come down so low as Penn's time; but of this I am not certain. My other reason is an anecdote I have heard viz.

that when old Lord Cobham was adorning his gardens at Stowe with busts of famous men, he made inquiry of the family for a picture of William Penn, in order to get a bust formed from it, but could find none; that Sylvanus Bevan, the old Quaker apothecary—remarkable for the notice he takes of countenances, and a knack he has of cutting in ivory strong likenesses of persons he has once seen—hearing of Lord Cobham's desire, set himself to recollect Penn's face, with which he had been well acquainted, and cut a little bust of him in ivory, which he sent to Lord Cobham, without any letter or notice that it was Penn's. But my lord, who had personally known Penn, on seeing it, immediately cried out, 'Whence comes this? It is William Penn himself!' And from the little bust, they say, the larger one in the gardens was found."

It would be interesting to learn what has become of this bust of Penn. On the death of Lord Cobham in 1749, Stowe, one of the most princely houses in Buckinghamshire, passed into the family of the Grenvilles. Later, when in the possession of Richard, the first Duke of Buckingham, Louis XVIII. and Charles X. of France, and their suites, were entertained there during their enforced residence in England. In 1845 Queen Victoria and the Prince-Consort were received, and feasted there at enormous cost. Three years later, as the result of these extravagances, Stowe was dismantled of its sumptuous contents, and these, put up for auction, realised, in a sale that occupied forty days, over £75,000. It has been well said that, of the many instances of fallen fortune to be found in the annals of families, none presents a sadder fate than that of

Stowe and its owners. It is as though, as in all such cases, Nemesis lifted the minatory finger and bit into the *pia mater* its tardy after-thought: "Ambition, vanity, folly! Contentment is best."

There is another shrine in the London area that should be interesting to Americans. It is the house in Church Street, Stoke Newington, wherein the Rev. John Bransby kept the school at which Edgar Allan Poe, the poet, spent two important years of his youth. Born at Baltimore, U.S.A., in 1811, Poe was at an early age adopted by a Mr. Allan, a man of wealth who had no children of his own. At the age of nine he was placed with Mr. Bransby, and remained under his charge until he was eleven, two years in all, and not five, as he himself states. Poe describes the house, which is on the northern side of the street, near

that once occupied by Isaac D'Israeli, the author of "Curiosities of Literature," in his "partly biographical" story of "William Wilson"; and there can be little doubt that much of the romantic element later to be developed in his writings was due to his having lived, at so impressionable an age, in a house and neighbourhood abounding in so many varied and interesting associations. Daniel Defoe, Thomas Day (of "Sandford and Merton" fame), and John Howard, with many others less known to popular fame, were all at one time residents in or near Church Street. "One of the first houses on the northern side of the way," says "Old and New London," "was the house of Isaac D'Israeli, before he settled in Bloomsbury Square, and the white house near it was the scene of the school days of the eccentric and gifted poet."

While speaking of the various places in and about London that are of interest to Americans, it would be unpardonable not to mention one "shrine" to which in times to come many pilgrim feet will wander, because it is associated with one of their country's greatest living men at a specially interesting point in his career. St. George's, Hanover Square, is noted as having been the scene of many a notable wedding and not a few romantic ones. But it will probably be a long time before another predestinate American President takes his bride there to have the nuptial knot tied, as did Mr. Roosevelt on December 2nd, 1896. In the marriage register the bridegroom is described as "Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-eight, widower, ranchman," and the bride as "Edith Kermit Carow."

Mr. Roosevelt was not then the famous

man that he has since become, and for a long time few American visitors knew of the interesting link between this fashionable West-End church and the President. One day, however, a tourist of a more than usually inquisitive turn of mind made the discovery, and feasted his eyes upon the entry ; then, proud of his achievement, he immediately noised the fact abroad among his compatriots, with the result that since that time St. George's has been visited by "troops and shoals" of Americans.

Then, not to leave so remarkable a man out in the cold, there is Benjamin West, who succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy, several of whose admirable works are to be seen in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House, Piccadilly. He was a notable figure in his day, and the house in which he lived in

Newman Street is still standing, as well as that on the Terrace, Hammersmith, to which later he removed.

With these various and discursive notes it would be culpable not to include some few particulars of another shrine not unfrequently visited by Americans—to wit, the tomb of the only American princess ever married to an Englishman, Pocahontas by name. Most who have read anything about the early colonial days have read her story : how, the daughter of Powhatan, she took greatly to the whites, and especially to Captain John Smith, the true founder of Virginia, whose life she saved at the risk of her own ; how, after his departure (1609), she was not so much seen among the Jamestown colonists, but was subsequently seized and held as a hostage for some white prisoners in the hands of her people ; and

how, finally (1613), she was converted to Christianity, given the name Rebecca, and in the year 1614 was married to John Rolfe, with whom two years later she came to England. Her beauty and the devotion she had shown to the whites caused her to be presented at Court, and received by all classes with great enthusiasm. She was hailed as the daughter of an American "king," and as such fêted and acclaimed. Civilisation and the English climate, however, did not agree with this simple child of the woods, and she died in the month of March, 1617, at Gravesend, where her body was laid to rest in St. George's Church, the following curious entry being made in the parish records:

1616 (1617), May 2j, Rebecca Wrothe wyff of
 Thomas Wrothe, gent., a Virginia lady borne,
 here was buried in ye chauncell.

Pocahontas and Rolfe had one son,

Thomas, who, after living for many years in England, emigrated to Virginia. From him, according to the "New International Encyclopedia," many prominent Virginia families trace their descent, including the Bollings, the Murrays, the Greys, the Whittles, the Robertsons, the Eldridges, and that branch of the Randolphs from which sprang John Randolph of Roanoke.

Finally, a word anent the Temple, which has been enshrined in the hearts and minds of many famous Americans, because, as Lowell once said, next to Westminster Abbey, it is the most venerable spot connected with the race in all London; and further, because so many of America's accredited representatives to England have taken home with them pleasing recollections of Gandy-day hospitalities enjoyed within the ancient and honoured precincts.



THE TEMPLE CHURCH

CHAPTER XIV

SOME OTHER HEROES OF AMERICAN COLONISATION

REFERENCE has been made to Captain John Smith in speaking of Pocahontas—Captain John Smith, who was one of the first company of English colonists to make a successful settlement in America, and one of the best. A Lincolnshire man, born at Willoughby in that county in 1579, he, on the death of his father in 1596, accompanied the sons of an English nobleman on a tour on the Continent as page, but soon left them and enlisted in a Protestant company in France, and fought against the Spaniards, afterwards joining

the insurgents in the Netherlands. About 1600 he returned to his home in Lincolnshire, and remained there for some time, living, as would appear from one of his biographies, a Robinson Crusoe sort of life in the woods; and then, probably when that could be continued no longer, taking again to a life of wandering and fighting. He had wonderful adventures in Styria, in Turkey, and finally in Morocco. Then, having seen so much of the Old World, he thought he would like to feast his eyes upon the New, and sailed with the expedition to colonise Virginia, which left Blackwall on December 19th, 1606. Disensions broke out before the three ships, of which the little flotilla consisted, reached its destination, and Smith was arrested (and some accounts say condemned to be hanged) on the charge of wishing to murder

the commander of the expedition, Captain Christopher Newport, and make himself king of Virginia. Providence, however, spared him from that harsh fate, and he became one of the most active and useful members of the colony, conducting explorations, making important discoveries, and obtaining supplies of food from the natives when other sources failed. In fine, so unmistakably did Smith prove himself to be the man *par excellence* of the whole company of settlers that he was in the end entrusted with the guidance of the colony.

For a time he was a prisoner with the Indians; then it was that, according to Smith's own narrative, his life was saved by Pocahontas—a story which was at one time discredited, but is now much more generally believed. There is no inherent

improbability about it ; and when the Indian maiden's high character is considered, and Smith's acknowledged general veracity, a fair judgment must incline towards a belief in its truth. One of his companions has put it on record that "in all his proceedings he made justice his first guide and experience his second, ever hating sloth, baseness, pride, and indignity more than any dangers ; never allowing himself more than his soldiers ; that upon no danger would he send them where he would not lead himself ; that he would never see them want what he had or by any means could get them ; that he would rather want than borrow, or starve than not pay ; loved action more than words, and hated falsehood worse than death."

In 1609 Smith was obliged to return to England because of hurts which he had

received that no one in the colony could medicine for him. He afterwards visited the New England coast several times for the purpose of trade, being on the last occasion taken prisoner by a French ship, but was released after he had served with his captors against the Spaniards. His death occurred in 1631, when his remains were interred in the choir of St. Sepulchre's Church—a church famous in its way as being hand and glove, as it were, with the Old Bailey near by.*

* Whilst writing, an interesting point in legal history has been marked by a handsome tablet in the entrance hall of the new Old Bailey.

“Near this site,” runs the inscription, “William Penn and William Mead were tried in 1670 for preaching to an unlawful assembly in Gracechurch Street.

“This tablet commemorates the courage and endurance of the jury, Thomas Vere, Edward Bushell, and ten others, who refused to give a verdict against them, although locked up without food for two nights,

Smith's various works, not only in the new country, but on the various matters which he wrote upon, are well worth reading to-day; although nothing in all his writings strikes one or leaves an impression like that of his character, so deep-based is it and sterling.

We know nothing of Smith's rank or ancestry beyond the fact that he was the son of George and Alice Smith. One surmises that he may have been of good yeoman stock. That he was anyway of first-rate stock is evident from the grit and grip he displayed, as also from the

and were fined for their finding a verdict of 'Not guilty.'

"The case of these jurymen was reviewed on a writ of habeas corpus, and Chief Justice Vaughan delivered the opinion to the Court which established the right of juries to give their verdict according to their convictions."

malleableness and polish to which they lent themselves. It is interesting to note that he attributed what he was as a man and a soldier to his study of Marcus Aurelius and Machiavelli's "Art of War."

The early history of Virginia presents us with but few men of the calibre of Captain John Smith, and this though of the hundred persons who took part in the expedition which resulted in the foundation of Jamestown fifty-four are recorded to have belonged to the rank of gentlemen; while of the reinforcement of emigrants (numbering 130 in all) which reached Jamestown two years later (1608), at least thirty-three were gentlemen. There is a particular reason for the *cachet* of gentility which from the first attached to Virginia. Elizabeth was specially interested in it, and the fact that she was caused many of the

highest aristocracy to back the various efforts at exploration and colonisation with their money and influence. Nor did this interest decline under James. Of the 325 incorporators whose signatures were attached to the charter of 1612, twenty-five were peers of the realm, 111 were knights, sixty-five esquires, and twenty "gentlemen"—a designation which in those days had a meaning more distinctive of a special social class than it has now.

Nor did this interest stop at supplying the funds of war. The annals of Virginia contain name after name of men belonging to the highest aristocracy who in one way or another were mixed up with the affairs of that colony or of others neighbouring it. In this regard they present a striking contrast to what we see at the present day. They were then builders of towns,

cultivators of the wilderness; their descendants turn cultivated lands into wilderness, and make villages a desolation for the sake of sport.

Among the more distinguished of these aristocratic colony-builders was the founder of Maryland, briefly referred to in a previous chapter. George Calvert, Secretary of State to James I., was the first man to conceive the idea of a colony in north Virginia. He was a Roman Catholic, and one of the original members of the Virginia Company. In 1631 he visited the colony, and observing that there was no settlement north of the Potomac, he resolved to obtain a grant of land and colonise it with persons of his own faith, who were then bitterly persecuted in England.

George Calvert, who, though he became an Irish peer in 1625, was of English

descent (having been born at Kipling in Yorkshire, in 1582), had in 1623 obtained a charter to found a colony in Newfoundland under the name of the province of Avalon, "in imitation," says Lloyd, "of old Avalon in Somersetshire, where Glastonbury stands, the firstfruits of Christianity in Britain, as the other was to be in America." He crossed the ocean himself in 1627 and again in 1629, taking his family with him, but finding the climate very trying (besides suffering greatly from the hostility of the French), he relinquished the idea of a colony in Newfoundland, and applied for a grant of land in the more congenial region of Virginia. The king endeavoured to dissuade him from the project, but finally (in 1632) gave him a grant of the territory subsequently named Maryland, after Queen Henrietta Maria. Before the charter was

issued, however, Sir George died, and the patent devolved upon his son Cecil, who thus became the actual founder of the colony. Cecil Lord Baltimore appointed his brother Leonard governor, and in November, 1632, that worthy man sailed with two hundred gentlemen and a number of dependents, and landed in the following February near the mouth of the Potomac. The colony was well managed, and made more progress in six months than Virginia had done in so many years. This was in part owing to the fact that the Indians were treated in much the same spirit which Penn adopted with such success at a later date. Troubles, however, came with the Protectorate, and these were not healed until after the Restoration, when Lord Baltimore appointed his son Charles governor. The latter, following the maxims

of his father, succeeded in establishing peace and prosperity in the colony, albeit only for a season, the fact of his being a Catholic causing him then and afterwards, when, on the death of his father, he succeeded to the title and the proprietary, a vast deal of trouble.

These Baltimores were a capable family, taking their name from an estate in County Longford; but in a few generations the race became extinct, and Irish Baltimore knows them no more.

It is curious to note how "English" was the first colonisation of Virginia and New England. In the early annals comparatively few Scots' names appear, and rarely an Irish one. Later, of course, the aspect of affairs changed, the Dutch and Swedes in particular gradually appearing upon the scene as the American seaboard

became more generally known. But in the early days of migration it was the English counties, and more especially the midland and eastern ones, which, as would appear, supplied the chief human pabulum for the hungry lands of the western continent. Lincolnshire was especially prolific of recruits, and not a few of the notable names of early New England history can be traced back to that county. That of the Rev. John Cotton, of Boston, has already been mentioned. From him was descended, through his daughter Maria, the famous Cotton Mather, one of a notable family of New England divines. His grandfather was the Rev. Richard Mather, of Lowton, Lancashire, who became pastor of the episcopal church at Toxteth, and on being deposed in 1633 (at the age of thirty-eight), betook himself to Massa-

chusetts, where he settled at Dorchester, and remained there for the rest of his life.* As his second wife he espoused the daughter of the Rev. John Cotton, pastor of the first church in Boston; his eldest son, the Rev. Increase Mather, being issue of his first wife, Catherine, daughter of Edward Holt, Esq., of Bury, Lancashire.

Few of the divines who found their way across the Atlantic for conscience' sake are held in more honour than John Cotton, who, leaving English Boston (where, in the Cotton Chapel, St. Botolph's, is a tablet to his memory, erected by admiring Americans), landed in Boston harbour on September 4th, 1633, along with Thomas Leverett, an alderman of the old borough,

* It is worthy of note that seventy-seven English divines, belonging to the Church of England, became pastors of churches in America before 1640.

and afterwards governor of the colony, the Rev. Thomas Hooker, founder of Connecticut, and several other notable men.

Hooker was born at Markfield, Leicestershire (1586), and educated first at Market Bosworth Grammar School, and then at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1608 and that of M.A. in 1611. After holding a fellowship at Cambridge for some time he became rector of a church at Esher, Surrey. Some years later (1629), when winning renown as a preacher at Chelmsford, he was made to feel the tyrant hand of Laud for his Puritanism, and found it convenient to seek refuge in Holland, the nearest house of refuge for those persecuted for conscience' sake. He made a sojourn there of three years, and then sailed for New England, settling at Cambridge (October 1633), and

becoming pastor of the first church there. Three years later he, with members of his church, removed into the Connecticut Valley, and so started that colony.

The successor of Hooker at Cambridge was Thomas Shepherd, or Sheperd, a Towcester (Northants) man, and, like his predecessor, a graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Educated at the grammar school of his native town (where his people were substantial landowners of the yeoman class), he passed thence (in 1619) to Cambridge, where he took his M.A. in 1627 (the year that John Harvard went up), and after ordination, became minister at Earls Colne, Essex, but in 1635 found himself compelled to migrate to New England on account of his Nonconformity. The year after his arrival he was appointed pastor of the church at Cambridge, and took

an active part in the foundation of Harvard College, of which he was the first minister.

It will be noticed how many of these early pioneers for religion's sake were educated at Cambridge. Something like a hundred university men cast in their lot with the settlers of Massachusetts Bay during the twenty years from 1630 to 1650. Of these seventy were from Cambridge, twenty of them being graduates of Emmanuel College. They were indeed so many, and their influence for good was so great, and is so still, that the famous university town on the Cam is like a Mecca for pilgrims from across the Atlantic, but especially for Harvard men, who, in a window of the chapel of his college, may see their own memorial to the founder of their Alma Mater, and beneath it a tablet bearing a suitable inscription.

How much the honour paid to Cambridge, and the gratitude felt towards it are deserved, may be gathered from the fact that the roll of those who carried the spirit they there imbibed to the over-sea colony includes, besides those already named, such men as Henry Demster (of Magdalene College), the first president of Harvard ; Charles Chauncey (of Trinity), the second president ; John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians (of Jesus College), a native of Widdford, Herts ; and Roger Williams, the founder of Providence, Rhode Island, the son of a merchant tailor of London, a Charterhouse scholar, and graduate of Pembroke College—a man who, like the last named, was a perfect hero in his way, sterling and upright to the last degree, albeit badly touched with “theologitis.”

Of the sister university was John Daven-

port, the founder of the colony of Newhaven. A native of Coventry, where his father once filled the mayoral chair, he was educated at Merton and then at Magdalen College, where he took his M.A. and B.D. degrees in 1625. After holding a chaplaincy at Hilton Castle, Durham, for some time, he became vicar of St. Stephen's, Coleman Street, London, but was obliged to resign the living on account of his theological views and retire to Holland. Returning thence two years later, he took the advice of John Cotton and sailed for Boston in 1637, and in the following year, along with friends who had gone out with him, he proceeded to Quinnipiac, and there founded Newhaven.

Among those who went to New England with Davenport was Theophilus Eaton (already referred to in connection with

Elihu Yale), who was a native of Stony Stratford, Bucks, his father holding a curacy there at the time of his birth. Subsequently the latter became vicar of Holy Trinity, Coventry, and then vicar of Great Budworth, Cheshire, of which county he was a native. Whilst at school at Coventry Theophilus Eaton formed a lifelong friendship with John Davenport, whose parishioner he subsequently became when, as a merchant, he settled in London and acquired the freedom of the city. When his friend decided to proceed to America, he elected to go there with him. Together they went to Newhaven (1638), of which colony he was elected president the following year, an office he continued to hold until his death (in 1658).

Another notable family (hailing from Lincolnshire) was that to which Mrs. Ann Hutchinson belonged—a lady who created

no small stir in her day. Of the same stock, originally of Alford, was Governor Hutchinson, a man of more sedate character and balanced judgment than his female relative.

Governor Bradstreet also was a Lincolnshire man, having been born at Horblin, near Spalding, in that county in 1603. After spending a year at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, he resided for some time in the family of the Earl of Lincoln as steward, and then in that of the Countess of Warwick in the same capacity ; after which, with Winthrop, Dudley (a Northampton man by birth), and others, he elected for the New World, sailing thither in 1630, taking with him his wife the poetess (already referred to), whom both Dana and Oliver Wendell Holmes were proud to reckon among their ancestors.

Yorkshire likewise gives not a few famous

names to the American Valhalla. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet, among others, traced his descent from a Yorkshire family, and not only on his father's but on his mother's side likewise. The latter, Zilpah, was the daughter of Samuel Peleg Wadsworth, who, it may interest some to know, counted among his ancestors the John Alden and Priscilla Mullens of Longfellow's well-known poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

In speaking of James Russell Lowell it was noted that on the spindle side he was descended from an Orkney family. Another famous American writer, Washington Irving, traced his descent from the same region, his father being the son of Magnus Irving, of Shapinska, one of the Orkney Islands, and Catharine Williamson. His mother, Sarah Sanders, was a Falmouth

woman, and at Falmouth she and her husband, who was an officer on an armed packet-ship running between that port and New York, were married (in 1761). Two years later they settled in New York, where in due course their famous son was born. When he came over to this country one of the first places he visited was Scotland, where he was gratified to find that one of his ancestors was no other than William de Irwin, armour-bearer to Robert Bruce.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, author of "The Scarlet Letter," was not altogether proud of his "Pilgrim" ancestor, but he records of William Hathorne (as the family spelled the name until Nathaniel put a "w" to it), who accompanied Winthrop in the *Arbella*, that he belonged to a Wiltshire family which had its residence at Wigcastle, Wilton. He at first settled at Dorchester,

but moved thence to Salem (in 1636), where he received a large grant of land. A man of strong and energetic will, suffering from a Puritanism of the worst type, he is said to have been instrumental as a magistrate in sending "Anne Coleman and four of her friends" to be whipped through Salem, Boston, and Dedham for witchcraft. His son John outdid even his father in narrow-minded bigotry and cruelty, especially towards the Quakers. Thus does bigotry and intolerance ever beget their like. Happily out of such harsh Hathornes it is always possible that a richer growth of Hawthornes may blossom forth in time.

One might refer to many other famous Americans and the parts whence they came on this side: to John Adams, for instance, the second President, whose earliest known forebear was an Ap Adams of the "Marches

of Wales." The sixteenth in descent from this "Ap" was a Henry Adams, who broke up his home in Devonshire and sailed with his eight sons to Massachusetts, "to be quit of the religious persecution" which then made the old country intolerable. He settled in Braintree, and was the great-great-grandfather of the famous John Adams who succeeded Washington in the presidency. Or we might refer to Thomas Jefferson, author of the American Declaration of Independence, whose grandfather is said to have owned a small property near Chesterfield (though other accounts represent him as having belonged to a Yorkshire family). But, by way of conclusion, let it suffice to recall the name of a family which, it is averred, has produced a larger number of distinguished men, both in statesmanship and war, than any other that England gave

to America. This is the Lee family, from which sprang Robert E. Lee, of Washington County, Virginia, Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Southern Confederation. The one to plant the name in the new country was Colonel Richard Lee, who emigrated to Virginia about 1641-42. It is not known whether he was descended from the Lees of Ditchley or the Lees of Coton, but whether the one or the other, he unquestionably sprang from a line of ancestors of whom it has been said that "they were knights and gentlemen of high position before the ancestors of half the present peerage of England had emerged from obscurity." * There appears to have been no political motive in the emigration of Colonel Richard Lee. He was led to throw in his lot with the planters of

* "Social Life in Virginia," by Philip A. Bruce.

Virginia simply in the hope of thereby greatly improving his fortunes.

How many more names might fittingly find a record here ! the names of men who, in their various spheres, dared and did, let us say, in the first place for the expression of their manhood, and in the second, as it proved, for the good of humanity. But there is a limit to all things, and necessarily to the length of a book ; and so we will bring our American Shrines to an end with “ a pair of words,” as our German friends would say, on the naval hero into whose mouth the most original of American poets puts the words (said to be historic), when his ship appears to be sinking, and he is called upon to surrender : “ I have only just begun fighting.” The hero in question was Paul Jones, or more properly John Paul, the youngest son of a gardener of that name,

living at Kirkbean, Kirkcudbrightshire, who, looking upon the Solway from his earliest youth, learned to love the sea, was apprenticed to it, and became one of its most daring sons, not only as an intrepid navigator but as a fighter. For in his days (1747—1792) there was ever much fighting to the fore—fighting in the slave trade, fighting in the smuggling trade, as well as in the more open trade of war—and Jones did his share in all. In, or about, 1773 he became Americanised through the death of an elder brother in Virginia, leaving property, which he went out to take charge of, and in this employ was kept for some time in the States. Two years later (December 1775) he accepted a commission in the American Navy, serving first as lieutenant in the *Alfred* frigate under the name of Jones, which he then assumed, afterwards in other vessels. The action

that made him famous, which Whitman celebrates as above, was fought in *Le Bonhomme Richard* against the British frigate *Serapis* off Flamborough Head, September 28th, 1779, and resulted in a complete victory for Jones. It was a splendid bit of work, but as it may be read about in the biographies of the hero, there is no need to give any details of it here; this being not a history so much as a mirror in which is shown how some of Britain's noblest and most strenuous sons went about the making of a new world and a great imperial people.

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